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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXX. No. 806. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12. 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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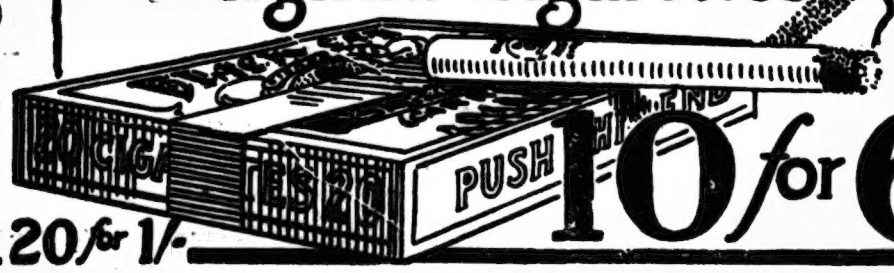

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CLARNICO PUNS. No. 7.

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If you say you've never tried them, there's a joy in store for you. Say "CLARNICO CARAMELS, please" at the very next sweetshop you see and pass a delightful hour.

CLARNICO CARAMELS are rich with good things—cream and pure cane sugar.

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Sold in small boxes, avoiding exposure and handling; also loose by weight.

CLARKE, NICKOLLS & COOMBS, LTD., Victoria Park, London

CLARNICO

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Pure *Cocoa*

Easily Digested and—

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£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of £50/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

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"CATALOGUE, PLEASE." — This little message will bring you the greatest Money-saving Guide ever published. Cycles, Tyres, and Thousands of Accessories.—H. Fitzpatrick (Dept. 58), Burnley.

AUTOMATIC Rug-Machine. Makes Wool or cloth rug in an hour. Forms profitable hobby. Extra strong. Price 2/9 (postage 3d.).—Send now, 3/- P.O. to E. J. R. and Co. (Dept. J.B.), 692, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

CERTIFIED BOOK-KEEPERS get big pay. Qualify by postal training, 3/- monthly; success guaranteed, two exams. Prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

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SET OF TIMBER for full-sized Bedstead, Ash, Oak, planed, 17/6, 30/-. Squared, bored, ready for putting together, 42/6, 45/-. Will send set on receipt of cash. — Winstanley, Grange, Urmston, Manchester.

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THE HIGHEST-GRADE SELLING POSITIONS ARE FILLED BY "PHŒNIX" STUDENTS.

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Try Miller's Musterole. See How Quickly It Relieves

You just rub Miller's Musterole in briskly, and usually the pain is gone—a delicious, soothing comfort comes to take its place.

Miller's Musterole is a clean, white ointment, made with oil of mustard. It does all the work of the old-fashioned mustard plaster—does it better and does not blister. You do not have to bother with a cloth. There's no sense in mixing a mess of mustard, flour and water, when you can easily relieve pain, soreness, and stiffness with a little Miller's Musterole.

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They will gladly tell you what relief it gives from sore throat, bronchitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest. Always dependable.

2/6 a jar. All chemists.

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A shirt's future is told by the tab.

Some shirts and pyjama suits bear a tab having no significance, but the "Cepea Serge" Tab found on every "Cepea" garment is a definite guarantee to replace, if it shrinks or loses its colour during washing and wear. Always look for the "Cepea Serge" Tab—it ensures a long and serviceable future

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JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain, Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant: Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer, The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 806. Week ending Saturday, November 12th, 1921. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Bigland Case.

Now that there is a lull in these proceedings, we are looking forward with pleasure to a pause in our legal activities, and to a resumption of our political work. Throughout all the worries of the past few weeks we have been cheered, not only by the unfailing loyalty and confidence of our Parliamentary Group, but also by the good wishes and sympathy of a large number of Members—many of them by no means the least conspicuous—to say nothing of the kindly messages from thousands of readers.

That Little Dinner.

After full consideration, however, we reluctantly declined the invitation of some fifty M.P.s—representative of all Parties—to dine with them last week—preferring to wait until the pending proceedings are finally out of the way before indulging in any such social festivities. Meanwhile, we are profoundly grateful.

Washington.

Our prediction that Mr. Lloyd George would not go has so far been justified; and we very much doubt whether he will get there at all. It sounds a strange prophecy, but we fancy he is more likely to be seen at an early date in the House of Lords than at the White House.

"F. E."

No one can be surprised that the Little Man from Wales is tired, and we certainly do not blame him for deciding to stand aloof from all the coming political Party troubles. With Labour and Liberalism for the moment spent Parliamentary forces, the next Government will be built up on Imperial-Unionist lines, and there is little doubt that Lord Birkenhead will be its chief. The political and judicial progress of "F. E." is the marvel of our time.

The Cheats' Charter.

We are glad the House of Lords has lost no time in correcting the ridiculous condition of the present law regarding the payment of gaming debts by cheque. We fear, however, that the new Bill will not have so smooth a passage in the Commons, where it is pretty certain that the "unco guid" will block its passing during the present Session.

The Plunderers' Paradise.

Betting transactions, however, are not the only form of gaming which is affected by the recent decision. Almost every card debt, "cover" speculation on the Stock Exchange, "margins" and "differences" on time bargains, and a variety of other obligations hitherto included in the category of debts of honour, may all be reopened. Indeed, the Lords' judgment means the plunderers' charter.

A Bogus Vote.

Of course, no one knowing how the game is played attaches the slightest importance to the recent Vote of Censure upon the Government in regard to its Irish policy. It simply means that, once more, the Wily Little Welshman out-manœuvred his opponents, who jumped headlong into the trap.

Privilege of Counsel.

By the time this issue is read, we shall have introduced our little Bill to remove the immunity at present enjoyed by Counsel against any legal responsibility for recklessly hurling charges against the character of witnesses, without any evidence in their possession to support them. The extent to which this privilege is at present abused by a certain type of practitioner is more than a scandal—it is a menace to the community.

NO GOALS REQUIRED!

£1,000

FOR ONLY TEN.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

Dry Figures.

According to the latest statistics, the value of property stolen by burglars in America increased from 886,000 dollars in 1914 to 10,000,000 dollars in 1920. Doubtless, the burglars were in search of a drink.

Street Artists and Ourselves.

We hear from various districts that we are at the moment the chief subject of pavement portraiture—so that they who have from time to time threatened to bring us to the ground have now secured their hearts' desire.

A Venerable Contemporary.

Our hearty congratulations to the *Morning Post*—most virile and independent of daily papers—on entering its 150th year of publication. Under its present editorial control it has become an enormous power in the land, and is to-day one of the strongest bulwarks of the British Constitution.

Mr. Justice Darling.

The recent indisposition of this distinguished Judge has given a new lease of life to the rumours of his impending retirement—which would be a calamity to the Bench. Learned, in the truest sense of the phrase; witty, and above all, intensely human, he occupies a position unique in the Judiciary. He is also the Peter Pan of our Judges—growing younger every day.

A Russian Rus..

So Russia is prepared to recognise her debts to the Allies *down to the outbreak of the war.* Awfully good of her, to be sure!

Ireland.

We still see no hope of a settlement. Only a super-man could possibly bring the contending elements into line—and just now super-men are out of stock. At the same time, all credit to the Prime Minister for his tenacity.

Do It Now!

Ex-Speaker Lowther's Reminiscences, appearing exclusively in *Sunday Illustrated*, are drawing to a close, but the remaining chapters are of very special interest, and you will be wise to secure your copy of Sunday's best and brightest paper—the supply of which, pending the erection of further plant, has to be rationed.

Our Unemployment Solution.

It is really amusing to watch the manner in which certain "Labour Leaders," having stolen our thunder, are now putting forward the Channel Tunnel and inland waterways as the best and soundest method of solving the Unemployment problem. We were once described as "Purveyor of Ideas to the Government," but our customers are rapidly increasing.

Hurry Up the Tunnel!

In this connection we note that, in the opinion of Marshal Foch, "had there been a tunnel under the Channel it might have prevented the war." Let us see that it prevents another one!

Lord Astor's Ingenuousness.

Commenting upon the fact that certain members of the cheering crowd outside Bow Street Police Court were in possession of handbills setting out what we really have done for the Service-men, Lord Astor's *Observer* protests against "the creation of a possibly exaggerated impression of public sympathy, tending to confuse the course of justice." Elsewhere the same journal describes as "a joke" the sale of a blank pamphlet professing to sum up our work for the soldiers!

Biased Magistrates.

We fancy there is something more than coincidence in the three bits of advice which the Lord Chancellor gave the Magistrates of Britain at their recent congress—first, to listen with patience to the opening of a case; secondly, not to express views during its progress; and, thirdly, not to imagine that they understand it thoroughly until the close of the evidence. To use an old journalistic aphorism, however, wild horses shall not drag from us the name of any particular Magistrate we have in mind.

Palace of Pensions.

At last this is going to be a country fit for the Pensions Ministry to live in. At Acton, Messrs. Ian Macpherson and Co. are building unto themselves an edifice to cost £500,000. Where the money comes from doesn't matter. At the present time the Pensions Ministry is a swarm of 25,700 people. This new office will make 5,000 of them comfy and cozy—especially at afternoon tea.

Other Councils, Please Copy.

It is easy, on a full stomach, to proffer wise advice to the hungry. And easier still, when hopeless and starving, to think hard things of the devourers of good cheer in sight of their less fortunate fellow-creatures. But the Rochdale Town Council have displayed both wisdom and humanity in that they have decided to forgo the annual mayoral banquet and give the money usually so spent to the unemployed. The Council will not miss the meal, or the workless the lesson.

A Municipal Muddle.

Although not one dwelling has been erected under the Chester Rural Housing Scheme, now abandoned in consequence of a change of Government policy, preliminary expenses to the tune of £3,700 have been incurred. If these have to be met out of the statutory "penny rate" they will take about eighty years to discharge! Such a situation is typical of the housing muddle all over the country, and emphasises the need for practical and experienced men and women on local governing bodies—in short, for "Business Government," in every Town Hall.

P.O. Fragility.

By parcels post a Teignmouth reader recently received a compass, entirely cased in brass. It was, however, broken in transit—by what special effort of force he cannot conceive. Upon claiming the cost of repair, he was informed by the P.O. that the regulations had not been complied with, inasmuch as the parcel had not been marked "Fragile." The natural reply was that the article was not fragile, and that to mark it so would be a false description. It would seem that the P.O.'s idea of "fragile" is an article that the staff are able to break—and, judging by our reader's experience, it might conceivably include a brass fender. A more dishonest quibble it would be hard to conceive.

Twenty Years After.

The other day, Ernest Hudson, a butcher, of Brook Street, Wakefield, was mulcted in 4s. costs for obstructing the highway by selling meat by mock auction. A large crowd congested the footway in front of his shop, eager to purchase their bits of meat at "knock out" prices; and when requested by a Police Inspector to cease the attraction, Hudson refused to desist until he had sold out. We don't blame him. For the past 21 years he had sold meat in this way, to the advantage of the poorer members of the community, and his father had done the same before him. He was prosecuted under a by-law dating from 1854, under which the Corporation could be prosecuted for washing the Town Hall windows after 10 a.m.! In these days of high prices it seems very hard cheese to penalise a man for doing his best to lower the cost of food.

Comparisons.

When comparisons are not "odorous" they are frequently baffling. For stealing stores and fish valued at 12s. from a steam-trawler at Fleetwood, Edward Swain, of Preston, was sent to gaol for 28 days by the Fleetwood Bench—whereas at Preston Sessions, Hugh Bannister, a Fleetwood clerk who broke into his late employer's counting house and appropriated £136 7s., was placed on probation for 12 months. At this rate, a man in that locality who gets away with a few thousands may expect to receive a congratulatory address on vellum.

The Labourer's Hire.

The pending drop in farm labourers' wages by another 4s. a week, following so quickly on the heels of the recent cut of 5s. 6d., is, we gather, causing much anxiety among land workers. As things go, 37s. 7d. is little enough to live on, and unless rent and the cost of living are porportionately reduced, great hardship will be entailed. In the latter there are prospects of adjustment, but rent we imagine will continue to be a thorn in the flesh for some time to come. Cuts in wages are inevitable, but it is bad policy to "muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

PICTURES
: FOR THE PICTUREGOER :
32 pages—2 colours—all photogravure. 2d. weekly.
18 Big Features, including double page art plate of IRENE CASTLE TREMAN.
On Sale at all newsagents and bookstalls.

Suspicious Conduct.

Leslie Snook was followed by a policeman into a Golders Green church, where he was discovered walking away from the offertory box. Nothing was missed, yet the Hendon Magistrate fined him 20s. as a suspected person. Unless there were strong grounds for this decision which remain unreported, we venture to doubt its wisdom. Is church to become for the layman as dangerous as Hyde Park seems to be for the priest?

Poor Baby!

At the Tottenham Police Court the other day Mary Verbinnel, the wife of a Belgian, was charged with cruelty to her twenty-two months baby. The evidence showed that the poor mite's body was extensively bruised, the weals extending to the knees. The mother's only excuse was that the child was "tiresome." In the view of the Tottenham Bench it was merely a matter of a mother's momentary loss of temper, and the case was dismissed with a caution. Such indifference to the torture of a helpless infant is difficult to credit.

Prudes of the Pastepot.

While opinions are divided as to the best methods of checking and eventually eliminating venereal diseases, all who are cognisant of the grave facts are agreed that the general ignorance of the public has been largely responsible for the spread of the scourge. Therefore, the action of the Derbyshire Billposters' Association in refusing to post up advisory notices, authorised by the County Health Committee and approved by the Ministry of Health, is both absurd and deplorable. We hope by this time the ridiculous decision has been reversed.

The Limit?

In a recent issue we had occasion to comment upon the many-sided activities of a Canterbury gentleman. As a "collector of odd jobs," however, Mr. H. Davies, of Hoo, Kent, will take a bit of beating. He is Workhouse Master, Relieving Officer, Vaccination Officer, Inspector of Nuisances, Sanitary Inspector, Registrar of Births and Deaths, Building Inspector, Superintendent of the Isolation Hospital, and Lay Reader in the Parish Church. The Workhouse Matron is his wife. So now we know Who's Hoo!

"Have a St. Dunstan's?"

If anything could tempt us to take up smoking it would be the fact that Sir Arthur Pearson in conjunction with the well-known firm of Carreras, Ltd., is about to put on the market a special St. Dunstan's Cigarette, a permanent income from the sale of which will augment the funds of St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors. This novel scheme, which deserves the widest measure of public support, bears the stamp of Sir Arthur's fertile ingenuity, which in so many ways has been of inestimable value to the brave lads who lost their sight in the war.

Commendation and Recommendation.

Once again Mr. Rooth scores full marks by a judicious blending of the qualities of head and heart. At the Thames Police Court he had before him a man whose wife was an epileptic and one of his children a consumptive. The defendant was out of work, in arrears with rent, and the family were practically starving. The Magistrate declined to commit him to prison on two warrants for income tax, and extended the time for payment another month. We beg to recommend Mr. Rooth as one well qualified to act as an instructor in any scheme to promote magisterial efficiency.

Cowardly "Sport."

We are glad to note that a test case under the new amendment to the Protection of Animals Act—which provides that hunted animals must have a reasonable chance of escape—resulted in William Morton, a promoter of rabbit coursing, being fined £10 and costs by the Liverpool Stipendiary. This sportsman—save the mark!—allowed 80 rabbits to be coursed by dogs in an enclosed space, the only way of escape being through drain pipes leading to dug-outs. Their chance may be gauged from the fact that 85 per cent. were caught by the dogs before they could reach the dug-outs. No sportsman will cavil at the decision.

Talent in Tenterden.

Tenterden is one of the most delightful old-world towns in the South of England, but not perhaps the likeliest place to discover the winner of a "Bullets" First Prize. Nevertheless, from Tenterden came the successful "Bullet" in Competition No. 427—the effort of Mr. John W. C. Hodges, who, with a line entirely of his own construction, has carried off a cheque for the useful sum of £250. This goes to prove that there are as keen wits in the country as there are in the great cities and should provide a strong incentive to rural competitors to persevere; for, no matter how remote their place of residence may be, they stand precisely the same opportunity of winning a first prize as dwellers in the biggest towns in the Kingdom.

Had your "JOHN BULL" Pen yet? If not, turn to page 14.

Post Office Pin-Pricks.

The postal officials seem to be endeavouring with a sort of desperate ingenuity to decrease the anticipated huge deficit on the Post Office account by levying twopenny surcharges on every possible pretext, even by condemning as "imperfect" undeniably new stamps which have suffered slight mutilation in tearing off—an accident usually caused by faulty perforation. It is a thoroughly bad policy to irritate a patient public by these nasty "pin-pricks."

Molehills and Mountains.

A nine-year-old boy was summoned at Sutton for stealing sixpennyworth of chrysanthemums. His father told the Bench that since receiving the summons the youngster had eaten little, fainted three times, and that they feared even for his life. The case was adjourned. Why, in heaven's name, wasn't he "bound over"? Think of it, this lad's life endangered for a few blooms which were long ago dead and done for. It ought to be made legally impossible to torture the young in this manner. The Magistrates should have recollected that to a child a molehill is a mountain. Poor little kid!

"Hulviz."

In a recent issue we inquired, on behalf of a disgruntled streetful of people who objected to having their old-time whereabouts re-named "Hulviz Street"—mainly on the ground that it sounded Hunnish—"Who's Hulviz, and why?" Nine-hundred-and-sixty-nine readers now hasten to instruct us that "Hulviz" is the Domesday Book way of spelling "Woolwich," and is thought to be an error on the part of the scribe, who rendered "Wool" as "Hul," "viz" being Norman French for "village." The residents of James Street may, therefore, be comforted. "Hulviz" has neither horns nor tail.

"Suffer Little Encumbrances."

A correspondent writes that he had occasion of late to seek for furnished apartments, and his indignation is roused by the number of advertisers who decline to entertain children. Some, with a cynicism which is to be admired if only for its brutal candour, do not hesitate to label them "encumbrances." He suggests that any persons offering to let rooms should be compelled to obtain a licence, the same to be liable to forfeiture on a refusal to take in a fair proportion of children at a reasonable rate. There is something to be said in favour of the plan, for it is time this scandal was ended. What can be hoped of a generation which regards its children as encumbrances?

Classes for Magistrates.

James Carr, of Norway Street, Greenwich, beat his horse unmercifully because it was unable to drag with ease its 2¼-ton load. A young lady who protested was threatened with bodily violence. But for the arrival of a Police Sergeant the brute—meaning Carr, of course—would have been badly mauled by the crowd. His mother pleaded he had recently come out of hospital, and Mr. W. Tyler, the Stratford Chairman, imposed a fine of 40s. We are inclined to regret that the policeman was so prompt on his cue. Failing gaol, a compulsory return to hospital might have taught Carr a salutary lesson. And, incidentally, it would seem that Lords Haldane and Birkenhead have not started their classes for Magistrates before they were needed.

Saint Albans.

The unmarried mother invariably "pays," and the attitude of many so-called "Christians" toward these "sinning" ones is frequently as unChrist-like as it well can be. A reader in service seeking to place her baby at St. Albans Parish Nursery for a short period, was told that they did not take in illegitimate children. Obviously this cold-blooded institution forgets that it was the founder of Christianity who, so far from treating an erring woman harshly, forgivingly told her to "Go and sin no more."

"A Spirit Entombed."

The sad plight of the poor Camberwell girl, whose case we recently dealt with under the above heading, has now—through the generosity of our readers—been very greatly relieved. From the substantial amount received on her behalf we have been able to assist her in commencing a small haberdashery business at her South London address, while there are still sufficient funds in hand to enable us to cover her necessities for many weeks to come. Charity so freely given is more than recompensed when it blunts the edge of pain.

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The First Real Weekly Newspaper for Boys.

You know it by its RED title

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:: COMPETITIONS. ::

Still "Corn in Egypt"!

Considering the time that Prohibition has been the law of U.S.A., it is a poor testimonial for legal teetotalism when liquor is so abundant that a quantity valued at £60,000 can be looted by thieves from one man's cellars. Perhaps the British pussyfeet will note that, whether consumed by the owner or the thieves, the Yankee water-maniacs cannot prevent a lot of "lotion" going to its proper place.

Veterans' Commerce, Limited.

We find that in a recent paragraph commenting on enterprises commenced for the benefit of ex-Service men, we did less than justice to one of them, Veterans' Commerce, Limited, whose position has been materially improved. Though faced with a deficit on last year's trading, this concern, which works in close co-operation with the British Legion, has reason to anticipate, despite trade depression, a substantial profit for the current year. It may be noted that Veterans' Commerce, Limited, runs the very popular V.C. Restaurant in the City, and carries on a considerable trade with the ex-Service men's organisation—a genuine anti-profiteering trade in boots, clothes and similar commodities. Apart from these trading activities the Company carries out certain administrative work for the benefit of ex-soldiers, and has already established 400 men in small businesses with good promise of success. We are sorry if a wrong impression as to the financial position of the company was conveyed by our paragraph, and wish its present directors and managers the success they deserve.

"Women First."

A good many women are indignant at the manner in which, on the drastic reduction being made on local War Pensions' staffs, members of their own sex are retained while married ex-Service men with families are dismissed. At the Synod Hall depot, Edinburgh, out of a staff consisting of 20 men and 19 women, all the latter have been retained, and four married men discharged. It is our strong opinion that in all such cases married men should take precedence of single women, unless there are special reasons to the contrary. Most women agree.

A Jolly Shame.

First ruined in business by the war and afterwards blinded through a farming accident while on special war service, Edward Jolly, of Brighton, took to playing the mandoline as a means of livelihood. What is more, he had the audacity to play outside the office of a tin-pot local magnate named Jasper Leonard Neale. This so annoyed Neale that he put the police on the track of the blind man, who, after being "spoken to," had continued playing for a few minutes in the hope of stray pence. Jolly for his sins was fined 5s., and we hope Neale is satisfied. But it was not a day's work of which he can justly be proud.

Inhuman Brutality.

William West, Junior, a hawker, of Clyston Road, Clapham, has what may be called the Devil's own luck. Fastening one end of a strap to the tongue of a sick horse, and affixing the other end to the ring of an adjoining doorpost, he recently enjoyed the brutal satisfaction of watching the distressed animal jerking back its head in agony, with the result that part of its tongue was torn out. For this terrible piece of brutality West was sentenced at the South Western Police Court to six weeks' imprisonment. A reader writes: "I fully believe the animal itself could have shown greater intelligence than the Magistrate!"

The Barber's Brush.

Some horribly tragic deaths have occurred within the last few months through anthrax conveyed by shaving brushes. The germs of this deadly disease are invariably found on foreign bristles, the English article being free from infection. Consequently, in strict accordance with the topsy-turvy methods of the authorities, innocuous British brushes have to be carefully disinfected; whereas the foreign importation is allowed to pass into the country free and unexamined, to the imminent peril of all who shave. The only way to secure immunity from this, one of the swiftest and deadliest of diseases, is to insist on the use of British brushes. Our Tame Barber uses none other.

"A Thousand Pounds or a Bird?"

If there is any time in the twelve months when money is more than commonly useful it is during the Christmas season, when, to emphasise the sentiments of Peace and Goodwill, rent, rates, taxes, and other demands fall upon the devoted head of the householder like an avalanche. This week, therefore, we are again offering a first prize of £1,000 in our Bullets Competition, with second and third prizes of £100 and £50 respectively. In addition to the usual lesser awards, we are adding to the prize list 100 fine Christmas turkeys, which will be forwarded to successful competitors in good time for their Christmas dinner.

How to obtain a "JOHN BULL" Pen. See page 14.

THE VALLEY OF SHAME.

CORONER STOPS QUESTION THAT MIGHT HAVE CLEARED DEAD GIRL'S HONOUR.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY, *Assistant Editor.*

I WANT to deal this week with certain features of a tragedy which has left a most painful impression upon the public mind. Ten days ago—on the morning of Sunday, October 30th—to be precise, the dead body of a fourteen-year-old girl, named Kathleen Violet Mansfield, was found lying in a shrubbery at Farnham, Surrey, in circumstances strongly suggesting foul play. The poor child belonged to a respectable home at Short Heath, a village near Farnham, her father being a gardener in private service, with a family of eleven children, of whom Kathleen was the fifth in point of age. The news of the tragedy quickly spread, and messages of sympathy poured into the cottage at Short Heath from all round the countryside. There was, however, no visible explanation of the little girl's untimely fate, and a close inspection of the shrubbery in which the body was found failed to discover any clue to the mystery. Naturally, the parents were heartbroken, and I can well imagine their feelings as, in the absence of definite knowledge, the cruellest rumours began to take shape on the tongues of village gossip. Still, there was no help for it. Until the inquest, none could say how Kathleen Mansfield met her death.

Appalling Evidence.

In due course, a formal inquiry was held at the Farnham Workhouse by the West Surrey Coroner, Mr. Gilbert White, who had the assistance of a jury. As to the cause of death there was no direct evidence whatever, but the doctors had held a post-mortem examination and the conclusions they had reached were of a most shocking description. Remember, this once happy village child had not yet reached her fifteenth birthday, yet the medical evidence showed conclusively that she had been the victim of an abominable outrage which, though it need not have caused her death, would in any case have blasted her life. The body was badly bruised in several places, and bore other evidences of assault. It was as clear as anything could be that the child had been subjected to the worst indignity that could befall a girl of tender years, and had succumbed either to actual violence or to the shock inseparable from such an experience. The only important evidence at the inquest, apart from the medical testimony, was a statement from the girl's father that his daughter had suffered occasionally from epileptic fits, which were of infrequent occurrence and had never interfered with normal habits of life.

An Astounding Suggestion.

It was reserved for one of the medical witnesses, Dr. Hugh F. Ealand, the local police surgeon—to make a suggestion which must have shocked all who heard it. As a result of post-mortem observation, he concurred in the view that the girl had been outraged, and that death was in all likelihood due to suffocation arising from this cause. Beyond this it might have been thought the doctors would have hesitated to go, but no such compunction restrained Dr. Ealand, who thought fit to conclude his evidence with the entirely gratuitous statement that in his opinion "the girl was a consenting party." Only in the narrowest sense could this conceivably be true. Wiser than some members of the medical fraternity, the law declines to assume the "consent" of a girl under sixteen years of age to an act of this nature, and will allow no such defence to charges of sexual crime. The effect of Dr. Ealand's pronouncement was to create a painful scene in Court, in which the father of the dead child entreated the Coroner to hear further evidence upon this aspect of the case. Upon one point in particular he wanted the doctors questioned, and personally I cannot understand how Mr. Gilbert White could find it in his heart to refuse the poor man's request. It would surely have been a simple matter to recall Dr. Ealand and so satisfy the mind of the bereaved man, who in broken tones was heard to ask: "Is it not possible that my girl may have had a fit, and been attacked by this man and the act committed while she was helpless, without her consent?" The Coroner, however, refused point blank to put the question, for what reason I cannot for an instant conjecture. It was clearly relevant to the issue the jury had to decide, and might in any case have served to preserve the memory of the dead child from the stigma of precocious immorality. It was this that weighed with the parents, who had never had the slightest reason to suspect their little girl of any departure from the ordinary path of childish innocence. Such considerations, however, seem to have had no influence upon the mind of Mr. Gilbert White, and it was left for Dr. Ealand to assure the father, in the course of a whispered colloquy, while the jury were out of Court, that his suggestion of an epileptic fit as a possible explanation of the tragedy was entirely consistent with the findings of the doctors. As a matter of fact, the poor child had bitten through her tongue, one of the surest signs of an epileptic seizure.

The Unsolved Mystery.

Even the intervention of a juryman, who wanted Dr. Ealand questioned on the lines suggested by the father, failed to shake the Coroner's decision. It seemed that, for some mysterious reason, Mr. Gilbert White preferred to let the evidence stop where it did, with the dead girl branded as a "consenting party," rather than allow further questions to be put which might have cleared her memory from dishonour. Whatever happened, only pity can be felt for poor Kathleen Mansfield who, upon any version of the facts, was the victim of a gross outrage. But there are the feelings of the sorrowing parents to be considered, and I cannot help thinking that in declining to accede to the broken-hearted father's request for a closer scrutiny of the medical evidence, the West Surrey Coroner was guilty of a grave breach of duty. The wider aspects of the case are still more disquieting. There must be something radically wrong with our police methods when a child can be foully done to death in a peaceful English village and her inhuman assailant elude the clutches of the law.

AN UNEMPLOYMENT SCANDAL.

NATIONAL INSURANCE ACT MALADMINISTRATION.

Ever since the National Insurance Act first came into operation, nine years ago, Mr. H. A. Johnson, electrician's mate, of Newquay, Cornwall, has paid his contributions regularly, but he never drew a penny of benefit, either for sickness or unemployment, until last August, when, through his employer giving up business, he fell out of work. Even then he did not apply for benefit till he was obliged to do so, and received the paltry sum of 15s.—when he was refused further help on the score that he had declined work. The truth of the matter was that he was asked, at the Labour Exchange, "if he would take a job anywhere." Thereupon he explained that he could not take one at a distance, on account of his age—64 years—and of an internal complaint. Eventually he was told that he could appeal, and on filling up the necessary paper was informed that the document was useless, and he must write direct to the Minister of Labour. Meanwhile, however, the local official did forward the form to Redruth, whence a reply was received that he was entitled to £3 10s. as from August 11, and "then to stop." That is much less than he is entitled to under the Act; while it is an exasperating circumstance that in the same town are dozens of young fellows drawing the "dole" regularly and without question, and not attempting to look for work.

DUMPED INTO THE CHAIR.

MINISTRY OF LABOUR'S FARCICAL APPOINTMENTS.

There are several things in connection with Employment Committees that are "wropt in mystery," and one of them is the system by which appointments to the Chairmanship of such Committees are made. A little light, however, was thrown on the subject at a recent meeting of the Workpeople's Panel of the Ramsgate District Employment Committee, when one of the members, Mr. Hawkes, ventured to ask the Chairman of that body how he came to be chosen for the office—"whether he was a sort of natural selection, or a selection according to knowledge?" Said the Chairman in reply: "I am rather pleased Mr. Hawkes has brought the matter up. I had the surprise of my life when I received, in the early days of August, a letter asking me to accept the Chairmanship of this Committee. I had to my own knowledge no qualification for the post. I had never anything to do with Labour Exchanges. I had never been a member of any sub-committee. So I made it my business to go to London and interview the Department, as I thought the letter might have been misdirected. But they would not tell me the source from which my name was submitted. They left me to draw my own conclusions." The public, too, will draw their own conclusions. If they endorse the methods of the Ministry of Labour we shall be more than surprised.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

A MELODIOUS MENU FOR THE MILLION.

November 15th will be a red letter day for all JOHN BULL readers who are lovers of good music, for on that date the JOHN BULL *Song and Dance Annual* will make its welcome appearance. Its brilliant cover alone will add a note of cheerfulness to countless homes, while the tuneful melodies it contains will soon be familiar to the general public. Comprising no fewer than 25 complete copyright songs and dances, this bumper budget will be sold at the popular price of 1s. 6d. The sixteen songs which it contains have been selected from the répertoires of such celebrated footlight favourites as Sir Harry Lauder ("I'll Love You Tomorrow"), George Robey ("She Spoke to Me First"), Jack Pleasants ("Reet up T'Mark"), Daisy Dormer ("Little Lancashire Rose"), Delysia ("Helen of Troy"), etc., while the eight dances comprise popular Fox Trots, One Steps, and Valses, to which will be added the haunting chorus of "Whispering." The quality of the paper and the clear definition of the score place this Annual in a class apart from the average musical publication of its character. Each song is provided with the Tonic Solfa notation. The demand for the volume of musical gems is bound to be enormous. There is only one way to make sure of getting a copy, and that is to order it *at once.*

Why pay fancy prices for Fountain Pens? See page 14.

BORSTAL BARBARISM.

THE HOME SECRETARY'S SOMERSAULT.

The suicide in his cell of the boy Buckingham, at the Portland Borstal Institution a fortnight ago, shocked the public conscience, and the facts that were disclosed in evidence at the inquest excited deep and general indignation. Under the Prevention of Crimes Act, 1908, the Secretary of State was empowered to establish Borstal Institutions, where young offenders, while detained, might be given such industrial training and other instruction, and be subjected to such disciplinary and moral influences, as would conduce to their reformation and the prevention of crime; but it surely was never contemplated that Portland Convict Prison, charged as it is with the atmosphere of crime, would be used as one of these homes of detention for youthful wrongdoers! Apart from their surpise that Portland was being employed for such a purpose, the public were horrified to learn with what degree of severity a lad of 17 had been punished for being somewhat slack and sullen in the performance of his allotted tasks. Buckingham had been sentenced by the Visiting Committee to nine days No. 1 close confinement and 21 days No. 2—three days on bread and water and three days ordinary diet. He was making mail bags, which work put in his possession a rope, with which he hanged himself in his cell. At once a demand for a Home Office inquiry into the ghastly affair was voiced by the Press; but Mr. Shortt, in his superior wisdom, declared that no investigation was necessary. Had not another boy inmate of the same institution attempted suicide a few days later, it is not unlikely that the Home Secretary would have persisted in his attitude. But this second scandal proved too much even for Mr. Shortt, who made haste to announce his intention to go down to the institution in company with Sir John Baird (the Under-Secretary of the Home Office), and make a personal inquiry into these ghastly happenings. We congratulate the Home Secretary on having come to so sensible a decision, which in view of his record in his present office was rather more than we expected. The Borstal System must either be made humane, or disappear. If Mr. Shortt goes with it, none will repine.

WATCH AND "PREY."

CAMBERWELL "BEAUTIES" AS FLIGHTY AS EVER.

The peculiar methods of Messrs. Davis & Co., jewellers, silversmiths, etc., of 26, Denmark Hill, have on many occasions claimed our attention. A Histon reader sent them £4 12s. 6d. for a watch and a table cloth priced at 5s. 9d. He received in due course a watch and a cloth. But the former was not the one advertised, and the latter was not as represented. This he duly pointed out, returning the watch straightway, and allowing the table cloth to stand. Davis and Co. thereupon sent another watch, described as "very superior," valued by them at £5 5s.—for which, if he accepted it, they would graciously forgo any extra charge. Our friend took it, and also the warranty for 10 years which accompanied it. After putting up with its erratic behaviour for ten months, he sent it back to Davis & Co. to be overhauled. The reply to that was a demand for a further payment of 7s. 3d. On his pointing out their obligation under the warranty, they tried to shuffle out of it by a denial of liability, but when he threatened to lay the facts before us, thay offered to reduce the charge to 3s. This, too, he declined to pay, and there it rests. Davis & Co. still appear to be hidebound and unrepentant—preferring, like Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" to straightforward dealing.

THE WAKEFORD CASE.

STRIKING APPROVAL OF OUR ATTITUDE.

Some strong comments in connection with what is now commonly referred to as the Wakeford Case appear in the current number of *The Nation*, and it is extremely satisfactory to note that our contemporary now accepts the views which we have so consistently urged. The pronouncement, indeed, is so weighty and so entirely coincides with our position in the matter that we have no hesitation in quoting what "Wayfarer" writes. It is as follows:—

I think the public will soon have to make up their minds that they have not heard the last of the Wakeford case, and that the growing desire for a rehearing cannot be denied much longer. . . . There is a considerable volume of newevidence, which seems to indicate not only that the Archdeacon was a witness of truth, but that the case against him was even more fragile of texture than the Lord Chancellor's by no means unhesitating judgment showed it to be. What are these new facts?

1. That the girl in the cathedral has come forward, and has been identified by the Archdeacon, and has identified him. The Lord Chancellor, it will be remembered, laid very special stress on this incident.

2. That the witness of the books—the books of an old-fashioned country hotel, not of a modern restaurant, be it remarked—already discounted by Mr. Blunden's evidence as to error, has been still further weakened by the discovery that the regular accountant had been taken ill, and was unable to do her work during the Archdeacon's visit.

3. That this girl was, in fact, lying ill in a private room in the hotel, so that there was a young woman to whose identity some little mystery attached.

4. That it is now known that Miss Porter, whose complete innocence—established by an unquestioned *alibi*—the Court knew and has acknowledged, was the subject of an utterly wrong identification by important witnesses for the prosecution. This the Court did *not* know. But it is a strong comment on the value of the evidence on which Mr. Wakeford's career was destroyed.

May I, then, ask what remains of a badly flawed case if these new weaknesses are added to it? Is anything of substance left?

We can only reiterate what we have written so many times—namely, that, in the interests of justice, the whole case should be re-opened.

THE GREAT DIVIDE!

OUR £1,000 FOOTBALL PRIZE WON BY TWO.

Our 10th Football Competition, for which we offered a prize of £1,000 for the correct results of ten matches played on October 29th, has been won by two competitors, each of whom sent in a true forecast of the outcome of the events and consequently shares the handsome sum of ten hundred pounds equally. We cordially congratulate them both on their prophetic skill. They are respectively Mr. H. Middleton, 39, Belgrave Street, Stepney, E.1, and Mr. James Barty, of "The Industry" Inn, Jeading Lane, Hayes, Middlesex. The former is a married ex-Service man without family, a lighterman by trade, but precariously situated as regards work. He joined the Army voluntarily in 1914, and enjoys a pension of 15s. a week. Both he and his wife are football enthusiasts, and have sent in coupons regularly for some time past. At last their perseverance has been rewarded, and has raised them from the respectable poverty in which they were situated to something approaching comfort. Mr. James Barty, licensee of "The Industry" Inn, Hayes—the other participant in the £1,000 Prize—is a pensioned Metropolitan Police Officer, of 56, formerly attached to T. Division, Hammersmith. For two years he has presided over the destinies of "The Industry," and is a popular host with an irreproachable character. For the last two years he has sent in from three to twelve football coupons per week, but this half share of the Thousand is the first prize he has won.

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Post Free in U.K.
Post orders — state height, chest and waist measure.

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Warm, comfortable well-cut Nightshirts, made from stout flannel-finish material in smart patterns. Cheaper than possible to make at home. All sizes. Our Price 5/11
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Warm, comfortable Overcoats of distinctive cut and quality, in all the favoured cloths in every shade of grey. Made either in loose Chesterfield style or with close-fitting half-belt at the back. Sound, well-fitting, fashionably cut coats made from cloth of good substance and good appearance. Coats of this quality are sold elsewhere at £3 3s.—Horne Bros.' Price 35/- Post Free in U.K. by return.

Super Qualities: 42/- 55/- 70/-

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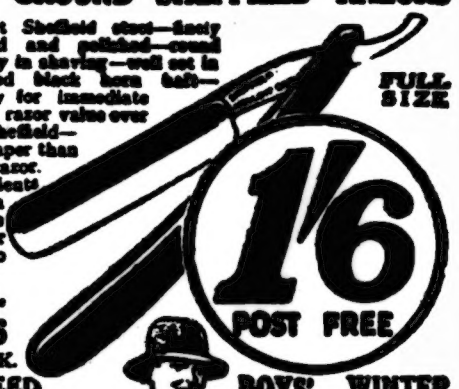

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For boys, 7-13. Light and dark shades of grey. Shorts lined. Jacket pockets to button. Beautifully tailored in hard-wearing Tweeds. Ideal suit for wear with Jersey. Usual price 25/-. Our Price, all sizes, Post Free in U.K. 15/9
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A sturdy Box Calf Boot, strong and smart. Derby pattern, usually 20/-. Post Free in U.K. 10/6
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Natural Shade Wool and Cotton. Thoroughly well made. Comfortable in wear. Boys' Vests, long or short sleeves, and Boys' Knicker Drawers. All priced at per garment 2/11
Post Free in U.K.
Long Pants, 3/6 all sizes.
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THE GREAT "MYSTIC EIGHT" PUZZLE.

THE MOST REMARKABLE ENIGMA OF THE CENTURY—£500 IN PRIZES—ON SALE ON FRIDAY.

THE average mind turns with much pleasure to the unravelling of problems created for purely recreative purposes. That is why we prophesy the enormous success of our great new puzzle, THE MYSTIC EIGHT, which will be released for sale simultaneously throughout the Kingdom on Friday next, the 11th. THE MYSTIC EIGHT possesses features of extraordinary fascination, and is so named because it consists of eight small cubes, the sides of which are numbered from 1 to 48.

THE PROBLEM TO BE SOLVED.

The problem before the would-be solutionist is to arrange the small cubes into one larger cube (as in the diagram below) so that the additions of the four numbers on each of the six sides of the made-up cube make six totals of the same amount. That is to say, the four figures on each of the six sides of the built-up cube, when totalled, should yield the same result. For example: if one decides that the winning number is 48—which it is not—the four numbers shown on each of the six sides of the constructed cube should give, when added up, six totals amounting each to 48. To make the reading of the numbers on the cubes as clear and definite as possible, the numbers "six" and "nine" are shown in clearly printed words, so that to mistake 6 upside down for 9, or *vice versa*, will be impossible.

Reduced facsimile of Lid of Puzzle Box.

THE PRIZES TO BE WON.

We are offering the following prizes for correct solutions of THE MYSTIC EIGHT problem. The sum of £500 has been set aside for this purpose, and will be divided as follows: 1st Prize, £300; 2nd Prize, £100; 3rd Prize, £50; 4th Prize, £15; 5th Prize; £10; 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th Prizes, £5 each. These prizes will be awarded to competitors posting the first ten correct solutions received, *and will be allotted in the order in which the solutions are posted.* The postmark showing the time of collection, and a "certificate of posting"—which must be obtained by all competitors from their local post office, at the cost of a halfpenny, will be accepted as evidence of the time of posting. The certificates of the probable winning solutionists will be applied for in due course. Solutions must be sent by ordinary post, with the actual date and time of posting clearly written on the back of the envelope. Special arrangements have been made to assure the Puzzle being on sale on November 11th in all parts of the country simultaneously, so that competitors in Scotland, the North of England, Wales, or the West, will stand an equal chance with competitors living in Central London, as *the date and time of posting are the governing conditions under which the selection of the first ten correct solutions will be made.*

TWO KNOWN SOLUTIONS.

There are two known solutions of the Puzzle, and in the event of more than one correct solution being posted at the same time, the solver with the lowest number will receive preference. In the event of a tie, the Prize will be divided. No solution posted prior to the date and time mentioned in the conditions accompanying the puzzle will be eligible. The closing date of the Competition is December 30th, 1921, on which day all attempts will be opened. Prizewinners will be notified on January 7th, 1922, and their names and addresses will be published in JOHN BULL dated January 14th, 1922. Proof of posting will not necessarily be accepted as proof of receipt. While the competition lasts, interesting and useful hints will be published.

"MISTY KATE."

There is no doubt that on the day of its release there will be a tremendous rush for the Puzzle, which already is known and asked for as "Misty Kate." A unique feature of the Puzzle, as compared with those recently on the market, is that it may be preserved intact after the solution has been sent in, and used for entertaining friends during the winter. Competitors are advised to take heed of the behest printed in each box: "Keep this box intact. See JOHN BULL." It may be worth something to you! Competitors are advised to use moderately-wide rubber bands or a bent hairpin to hold the cubes together while the additions are being made. The solutions, which may only be sent in on the form provided in each box, should be clearly addressed to "Mystic Eight" Puzzle Dept., 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and posted in the ordinary way. Remember the date for THE MYSTIC EIGHT—November 11th, 1921.

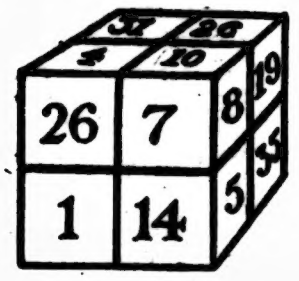

Diagram showing larger cube, built up from the eight small cubes.

The numbers shown provide no guide to the solution.

FARCICAL FIRE-FIGHTERS.

HIDDEN HYDRANTS AND SUPINE SPECTATORS.

In many provincial places the protection against fire provided by the local authorities leaves a lot to be desired. A typical instance occurred recently at Englefield Green, where, in spite of the near proximity of two "brigades," a serious outbreak of fire at a garage and stables raged until the place was entirely gutted. The facts point to an alarming lack of efficiency and organisation in connection with the Egham Brigade—out of sixteen members only four, and they the least experienced, answered the call. The Englefield "Brigade" contains two members only, and both of these, it appears, had taken a night off, and could not be found. The Egham motor fire-engine certainly arrived on the scene with commendable promptitude, but proved useless—first, the underground hydrants could not be discovered, no one, in the absence of the local fireman, having the faintest idea of their location, and when water at length became available it was found that the hose-reel was missing. But perhaps the very worst feature of the whole affair was that a crowd of onlookers, gathered to gape and gaze at the spectacle, refused to render any assistance to the harassed firemen until they knew "what was the pay for the job"! As this is the third occasion in this Surrey district where similar disastrous delays have occurred, chiefly through the difficulty of finding the hidden hydrants, it is not to be wondered at that local residents are alarmed.

WALSALL CHILDREN'S WOES.

PARENTS WHO ARE WORSE THAN ANIMALS.

How seven poor mites aged between 13 years and 18 months suffered from shocking neglect at the hands of Thomas and Maud Hicken, a miner and his wife, was recently revealed before the Walsall Magistrates. This worthy couple and the children, it seems, "pigged" it in a house in which there were only two beds and no bedclothes. The man earned £3 a week, and actually received from the Government, on behalf of three of the children, 29s. 6d. per week. A doctor who examined the youngsters said he found one had a piece of rag for a shirt and another was shirtless—signs of gross neglect were evident in other directions. Both the man and woman, it was alleged, were addicted to drink, the latter in particular. The woman got what she richly deserved—three months; the man was placed on probation for six months. In the same Court another precious pair, Albert Sadler and Elizabeth Clark, were summoned for neglecting a little girl aged three years, the child being described as "anæmic, verminous and badly deformed." In this case the defendants were each deservedly awarded two months imprisonment with hard labour. We are glad to see the Walsall Magistrates taking a stern view of these monstrous offences against helpless childhood. Happy and well-nourished children are the greatest assets of a country, and the State must protect them in every possible way. That it should be necessary to do so is a great blot upon modern "civilisation."

A CORONER'S CRITICISM.

RECENT HOSPITAL SCANDAL RECALLED.

Our strictures on the recent untoward happening at King Edward VII. Hospital, Cardiff, where the wife of a tobacconist—practically a dying woman—was permitted to leave her bed and walk to a lavatory some distance away unaccompanied by an attendant, thereby sustaining a fall, came up for discussion at a monthly meeting of the Board of Management. The facts of the case, as described by the General Superintendant, corroborated in most details what has already been published. But Sir William Diamond, who presided, went out of his way to impeach the City Coroner, whom he thought might have refrained from passing any unkind comments upon the management of the institution. Sir William further expressed the opinion that the Coroner's remarks were not justified in any degree whatever. The point emphasised by that official—and by us—was that no nurse was provided to attend to the poor woman's wants, and even the General Superintendant admitted as much. Consequently Sir William's plea of no justification won't hold water. The gallant knight thinks it is quite possible for an accident of this character to happen at any time. At Cardiff, perhaps; but at a properly-equipped hospital, most emphatically *No.* That is the crux of the whole matter, and, in that he laid stress upon it, we think the Coroner is to be commended. A public institution to be above criticism must be above reproach

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SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF POPULAR PEOPLE.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

MR. JUSTICE DARLING is unique amongst our Judges. To-day he is a great public personality. To-morrow—when he has retired from his judicial responsibilities—he will walk into history. Few Judges achieve this distinction. Many are appointed to the judicial bench, but few are called to the Bar of posterity.

Judges' names are unfamiliar to the Man-in-the-Street. He has heard of Hawkins, and those of us who are students of history know of a certain Judge Jeffries who has for centuries been famous for his sanguinary sentences. But for the most part they lack the qualities which appeal to the public imagination. As a rule, lawyers are middle-class men of mediocre talents. They are called to the Bar and show a certain diligence. After some years, they acquire a reputation for "safety," one of the most blessed words in the English language. Then they attach themselves to one of the political Parties, and, on the death of a Judge, receive promotion to the Bench with an unfailing and automatic regularity.

Once installed in scarlet and ermine, they are usually fair and just, because they happen to be Britishers. And their wisdom and worth are extolled because they are seldom prone to levity. Some of them are apt to yawn over law books, and to make the rest of us yawn over their ponderous platitudes. Still we are glad that these middle-minded men can keep the scales of Justice at the proper balance.

Now, Mr. Justice Darling is a great exception to this judicial rule. It is true there never was a more purely political appointment. But such political appointments are usually dull, and it is quite impossible for Mr. Justice Darling to be dull. Before he was made a Judge he was a leisurely, literary barrister with an inconsiderable practice. He figured in no great or sensational cases. But he was Conservative Member for Deptford in the House of Commons, and certain people in the Conservative Cabinet knew him to be a man of parts. A vacancy occurred. "Give it to Darling," said somebody.

Almost immediately his political and legal sponsors received the shock of their lives. The new Judge neither droned nor dribbled. He was never somnolent. He declined to subside into the customary judicial obscurity. He showed himself to be a creature of life and laughter, and to the astonishment of civilised Britain, he suddenly lifted the Law Reports into a position that made them the most interesting items in the daily periodical Press.

Here was a witty Judge. He was a Judge who made the driest case more interesting and amusing than the romance of the musical comedy chorus girl running away with an heir to a Peerage. There is nothing that the sober mind of Britain distrusts more than wit, and naturally Mr. Justice Darling was immediately distrusted. It is a national legend that we want sad and serious men to try our law actions. Mr. Justice Darling was never sad, and seemed to be seldom serious. Therefore we came to the conclusion that he must be a flippant person, more intent on making epigrams than keeping the scales of Justice in sober and proper control.

His name became associated in the public Press with jokes, and we came to look upon him as the judicial jester. He seemed to treat the most serious things in life with an extraordinary levity, and Britain professed to be shocked.

But time has shown us that there are few greater Judges on the Bench than Mr. Justice Darling. His unerring wit and humour are simply the expressions of a remarkable detachment from people and causes which make the scales of Justice entirely safe in his hands.

It is this singular detachment which has made him so much misunderstood. He would seem to lack most of the genial human qualities. For instance, although he was in the House of Commons for many years he never once entered the Smoking Room. He was the rare and remote member, giving his friendship to few and his confidence to none. But this staid and aloof attitude in life has not disguised the very broad and very human heart. As a Judge he has proved a devoted servant to Justice and one whose sympathies extend to the poor, the unthinking and the failing. I shall never forget the occasion on which Mr. Justice Darling passed sentence of death on the unhappy Stinie Morrison. The Judge had summed up for an acquittal, but the jury took another view. They brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and the Judge's only duty was to pronounce sentence according to the verdict. Most of us who were in Court on that day never felt more sorry for a man than we did for Mr. Justice Darling. He uttered the terrible words of the death sentence with tears in his voice. He was far more troubled in his conscience than was the prisoner.

And yet this is the man whom we are sometimes asked to believe is simply a legal dilletante and a professional wit! I can pay this remarkable and brilliant Judge no greater compliment than by publicly expressing a hope that, if at any time by some unforeseen decree of destiny, I should find myself on trial for my life, he should preside at the trial. I should be assured of three things—justice, intelligence and mercy. I doubt whether there is any other occupant of the Supreme Bench who at the present moment possesses these high judicial attributes in the same emphatic degree. And withal the touch of humour which, like Nature, "makes the whole world kin," makes even a Court of Justice safe for innocence. Some day, no doubt, the biographer will be busy with the record of Mr. Justice Darling, and I fancy posterity will then wonder why he never scaled the loftier heights of judicial preferment. It has been reserved for him to lend solidity to the King's Bench, brilliance to the Common Law, dignity to the lower slopes of Olympus. Perhaps it is as well.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally Nonentities.)

To Viscount Grey of Fallodon.

DEAR LORD GREY,—Allow me to proffer my congratulations on your approaching marriage. It is not good for a man to live alone, more especially a man of fifty-nine, to whom domestic comforts necessarily make a stronger appeal than to the young. In view of your great and unselfish services to the State in the past—labours which undoubtedly put an undue strain upon you health—you merit every happiness in your declining years, and I trust that in the companionship of the lady to whom you have offered your hand you will find all the joy you desire and deserve. JOHN BULL.

To J. B. Matthews, Esq., K.C., Middle Temple, E.C.

DEAR MR. MATTHEWS,—I understand that you were Counsel for young Harold Jones when he was charged with the murder of little Freda Burnell, and acquitted; I am wondering what your feelings were when, arrested on a second charge of a similar character, he admitted that he was guilty in the previous case. I am, of course, assuming that during the progress of the first prosecution the young miscreant did not confide to you his guilt—in which case, by the rules of the Bar, you would still have been bound to defend him to the best of your ability. But even so, from the purely forensic point of view, you are entitled to credit for a great personal triumph, albeit the result was to let loose a homicidal maniac upon the community.

JOHN BULL.

To "Comrade" T. Mackley, Trades Council, Nottingham.

SIR,—I hardly know whether you are talking simply as a fool and fanatic or as a serious believer in the "blood and fire" doctrine of the Russian Bolsheviks when you declare that the first things to be done for the better education of British children are "to tear down the schools, burn the Bible, and assassinate the parsons." In any case you might have gone a bit further, and told your audience what the result of this pleasant little process had been in tragic Russia, where millions of hapless innocent little children have been starved to death and millions more subjected to unspeakable moral and physical degradation. Fortunately for all of us, this "bloodly revolutionary" bombast only excites the contempt of honest Britishers. Your sort are played out.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Henry Ford, Motor Magnate, U.S.A.

DEAR HARRY,—I have been very interested to learn that, despite the fact that you turn out thousands of cars from your factories every year, when it came to buying an automobile for your private use you realised that only in England could you obtain the best. I am not for one moment depreciating your standardised products, which have revolutionised road transport for tradesmen and others; but I am bound to say that you were no bad judge when you decided on a British car for your personal enjoyment. For luxury, efficiency, and reliability you cannot beat the John Bull brand any more than you can beat the John Bull breed. May your tyres never go flat! JOHN BULL.

To Mlle. Lenglen, Fourville, near Dieppe.

MA CHERIE,—I see with very great regret that you are unlikely to continue your triumphant progress through the tennis courts of the world, and that you may even decide to give up your favourite sport for good. It will be a profound pity if this should prove necessary, for your astonishing agility and dexterity amazed and delighted lovers of strenuous sport wherever you were seen. I trust, however, that the pessimistic reports which have reached me respecting your health are, if not unfounded, at least exaggerated, and that you will continue, after a well-deserved rest, to give your wonderful expositions of a game once deemed the prerogative of curates and lackadaisical young ladies, but now reckoned one of the first of sports. JOHN BULL.

To Sir Walter Parratt, St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

DEAR SIR WALTER,—To be eighty years of age and still in the mood to dance is, I suppose, only what we should expect of the Master of the King's Music and Organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor; but at the same time I am inclined to think you must have created a record when, at the Royal Albert Institute, Windsor, at the close of Mr. T. E. Dunhill's lecture, you indulged, in response to the lecturer's challenge, in a *pas seul* across the stage, to the accompaniment of a Bach fugue. You are reported to have tripped the light fantastic toe in a fashion which many a younger man might envy, and I congratulate you most heartily on your performance. Don't let it stop at this, but "on with the dance." JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Benjamin Rosser, Swansea.

DEAR BEN,—That the pint of blood you recently sacrificed did not suffice to save your brother's life is beside the point; that your circumstances are humble weighs not with me. You are a man. The newspapers have been awarding the heavy headlines to a woman with a past who swallowed an overdose of poison and then shrieked for assistance. Many pictures of the crazy creature have ornamented the illustrated journals. But then she is—or was—pretty, and you doubtless are only wholesome. So you must rest content—as I am sure you are—with a remote corner and the smallest of type, and the admiration and best wishes of all who admire bravery. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. C. P. Fynes Clinton, Vicar of Old Malden.

DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with you that "Sunday was set aside by the Christian Church as a day of public worship and *recreation*," and wish more clergy, of all denominations, would exhibit similar breadth of mind. But it was a pity you did not vote for the main resolution before the Malden U.D.C., when you would have exactly doubled the majority of one by which the privilege of Sunday games was assured to the youth of your parish. Practice is so much more useful than precept. The hands of the clock of Time "move on," and not all the "piety and wit" of puritanical fanaticism shall lure them back.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edward Mortimer Mountain, Epsom.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—In the course of a recent after-dinner speech, words of the purest wisdom fell from your lips. You declared that: "We Britons were bred on beef and beer, and on beef and beer we have made our Empire, and on beef and beer we shall maintain it!" I congratulate you on possessing such sound views, with which I am in entire agreement. Although you are Chairman and Managing Director of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., Ltd., you do not uphold the "pussyfoot" theories which so many life insurance firms appear painfully anxious to inculcate in the minds of the public. The moderate consumption of good beer has shortened no healthy man's life, and I see no reason why teetotalers should be given special advantages as regards premiums in the case of life insurance. Let me hear more from you in the same strain. JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Once more Lloyd George displays his power
And necromancy deep
By changing "Die-Hards" in an hour
Into a flock of sheep.

The threat of 1922
The taxpayer doth affright:
In fact, he don't know what to do—
Horne-ted by day and night!

Who can on Lenin's faith rely?
Though he agrees to pay
The debts to Britain owed, he'll lie
His own pledged word away!

To do himself a bit of good—
That is, financially—
Ex-Kaiser Bill is sawing wood
Which he sells locally.

The most astounding bargain ever offered! See "JOHN BULL" Pen announcement on page 14.

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

Sir George Beaumo-t's New Role.

With the near approach of the jumping season proper, many jockeys are fixing up arrangements, and a recruit to the ranks of National Hunt riders is Sir George Beaumont, the owner of Husky. Sir George, however, will not be quite a novice at the game, for he has had a deal of experience in race riding in India, and this season at Derby he well trounced his friend, Mr. Galstaun, in the match between Husky and King Sol.

Ex-Kaiser's Late Jockey.

Fred Winter, the English jockey, who has been riding with marked success in Ireland, is to make a welcome return to the saddle in England this winter. Some years ago Winter was one of our foremost jockeys, but he left us for Germany, where he rode many winners for the Kaiser's Royal Graditz stud, and on the outbreak of war his success was "rewarded" by his being sent to the internment camp at Ruhleben!

Jockey and Breeder.

Although Michael Beary, the Irish jockey, has so far not gained many important successes since leaving the Emerald Isle to ride for Farquharson's stable, Mr. J. J. Parkinson's old apprentice has demonstrated on several occasions that he has not much to learn in the art of jockeyship. It was a treat to see the way he pushed Cavalier past the winning post a neck in front of the dead-heaters, North Waltham and Front Line, at Birmingham. Beary has a fine stud farm in Ireland, and is quite a successful breeder of bloodstock.

Do Goalke-pers Die?

For lengthy service with one club, the record of R. G. Williamson, of Middlesbrough, would be hard to beat. He joined them eighteen years ago, when he was 18, and he got his first International cap two years later, against Ireland. It is just ten years since he played against all three countries in one season. If he hadn't been a born goalkeeper he could easily have earned his living as an engineer.

Years are No Burden.

Years sit lightly on another goalkeeper, W. Scott, the Linfield-Everton-Liverpool custodian, who is in such wonderful form again this season He first played for Ireland in 1903, and, though he has enough caps to stock an outfitter's shop, he hasn't the same consistent club record as the Middlesbrough man.

The League Decks are Clear.

As Scotland and Wales do not enter the International lists until February, and England does not play again in the competition until March, there is nothing to interrupt the League programmes of the majority of the clubs until the first round of the F.A. Cup in January. Of course, some of the lesser fry will have to take a part in the closing stages of the preliminary rounds during December.

Local Talent.

The admission into membership of the Football League of the clubs in the Northern Section has had one effect, which only a few of the long-sighted ones foresaw—the cutting off of a very fruitful ground for the recruiting of young players for First and Second Division clubs. But it really means the encouragement and development of the home-grown product—which is all to the good.

When Two and Two Make Five

When the football public begin to put two and two together, they usually make five of them. So it only needed Cantrell's injury and his acquisition of a public-house in Nottingham to form the basis of an "authenticated" story that he was leaving the 'Spurs. Cantrell has no such intention, and his early appearance in the Tottenham attack will be evidence of his desires. All the supporters of the club will be pleased to see him back in his usual place.

Another L. R. Roose.

Ten years ago, it is of interest to recall, the International goalkeepers were Williamson (England), Brownlie and Lawrence, the Newcastle United veteran (Scotland); Scott (Ireland) and Evans and L. R. Roose (Wales). Of these poor Dicky Roose, one of the most unorthodox "keepers" of modern times, has gone over to the majority, but another amateur goalkeeper, of startlingly similar methods, is now before us—B. Howard Baker. When Baker gets his first cap, it will be for England and not Wales.

A Day of Death—and Glory.

Somebody has bungled badly at Oxford over the date of the Inter-Varsity Rugby match at Twickenham, December 8th. It comes before the end of the Oxford term, and though the Vice-Chancellor has taken no such drastic action as putting his veto on the match, he has let it be known that such a thing is not to happen again. Now Oxford are wondering how to get to Twickenham and back in the day without running the risk of being "gated." Many aunts have already given notice that they intend to die on December 8th!

Amateur Billiards Slump.

Unless you want to take your annual holiday in January, or are a gentleman of leisure, it is no use competing in the amateur billiards championship nowadays. As each heat takes two days and the semi-finals and final three, only a limited few can spare the time at a period when three months out of twelve are spent in earning money to pay taxes! That is why there are only 21 entries for the championship which begins in the New Year. But if it is not quite fair in its operation, the rule does limit the number of those who fancy they have a chance because they can score 100 in half-an-hour!

Champion's Need of Practice.

A match between Joe Fox, the new British featherweight boxer, and Eugene Criqui, the Frenchman, would be a natural and attractive fixture, and Criqui's anxiety to deposit £500 in this country to secure a contest is not likely to be prolonged. Fox no doubt deserved his win over Honeyman, but he certainly showed that a little more actual ring practice would be of great assistance to him.

If Benny Leonard Retires.

Benny Leonard, the world's lightweight champion, has wanted to retire so long, and he has done so well financially, that there is grave doubt whether we shall ever see him in the ring in a serious contest in this country. It would be a pity if Ernie Rice doesn't get a chance to meet him—and Rice's defeat by Friedman was due more to bad luck than anything; but sooner or later Rice stands a very good chance of annexing the title for this country—where there are precious few of them.

Making an Ass of Itself.

The British Boxing Board of Control has the "happy" knack of doing the wrong thing. It admits that Charles Ledoux was European bantam-weight champion; it knows that Tommy Harrison beat Ledoux under championship conditions—and yet "it will not claim the European championship on Harrison's behalf." This is not very sportsmanlike, and it is grossly illogical. If a title holder agrees to throw his title into the scales and loses the verdict, what on earth is the use of saying, "Oh! but it wasn't fought under the right roof"?

Another Chance for Ledoux?

I really think Tommy Harrison should give Ledoux a chance of a return contest before taking on Jim Higgins (whom Ledoux has beaten) or angling after world's honours through Johnny Buff. The referee at Hanley decided that Harrison won, and for the moment there is no barking that decision. But the whole affair was so close that another official might well have said Ledoux was the winner. Expert opinion is pretty well divided on the point. Of course, Harrison is acting strictly within his rights—but, after all, he has British sporting traditions in his keeping. His advisers would do well to bear that in mind.

New Carpentier-Cook Date.

As I suggested, the statement that Carpentier was not training for his contest with George Cook at the Albert Hall was altogether incorrect. Carpentier is not going to run any risks; his trip to Morocco has made it impossible to train as he would like, so he has asked for a postponement of the contest—to which Major Wilson and Cook have agreed. It will now take place on December 8th, and not December 2nd, as previously arranged. This announcement, therefore, disposes of any other rumours.

A Mixed Bag.

Spec, the dam of the Birmingham winner, Marcopolis, slipped twins in 1919, but only one of them survived. This is the two-year-old Spec. I. by Thrush, who was sold as a foal for 20 guineas. Twins rarely turn out much good, but Rock Hill is an exception; he beat a good-class field at Manchester.

The smart two-year-old Silver Thistle proved a lucky purchase for Major Bell last year, for he gave only 11 guineas for the son of Thistleton.

Congratulations to Eudo Albert Carnegie Pinson Roxburgh, otherwise "Snowy," who is apprenticed to J. Jarvis, on gaining his first victory on Milina at Birmingham. This was only Roxburgh's second mount in public.

Mr. J. Watson's Gauntley and Trash, who cost 11,300 guineas as yearlings, are in future to be trained for jumping by Mr. Aubrey Hastings at Wroughton. Other well-known flat-racers who will be seen "over the sticks" this season are King Sol, Husky, Maxwell, Thoughtless and Most Beautiful.

Frank Moran's "Mary Ann" punch has lost all its terrors. He has now been beaten by Bob Roper, who lost to Boy McCormick in America two years ago.

There has been no alteration in the date of the Kid Lewis—Boy McCormick contest, which takes place at the Albert Hall on November 17th.

Miss Cecil Leitch is going to have another shot at the American ladies' golf championship next year.

If the billiards professionals decide they will not take part in the championship this year, what would they say if Clark McConachy claimed the title? For he didn't come all the way from New Zealand to play in practice games!

For economy's sake! use a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

THE TORTURE OF

The Sin of Malice—Slander as a Politica

By THE EDI

I OFTEN wonder whether the ordinary citizen realises, or ever pauses to reflect upon, the agonising torture to which every public man is subjected—to say nothing of the risks to his personal safety. Naturally, this thought has been much in my mind during recent weeks, although I have no intention of commenting—even in the most indirect way—upon certain proceedings now pending in the Law Courts, and which have proved such a veritable godsend to the Press as almost to justify me in anticipating a handsome testimonial from the newspaper proprietors of the kingdom. But when one's heart is very full of suffering and distress on account of his own anxieties, it is but natural that his sympathies should flow out towards others, if not so acutely, at any rate, to a large extent similarly situated. For myself I ask no special sympathy. Rightly or wrongly, I have "carved out a pathway all my own," and I must take the consequences. In politics, in religion, in journalism, I have been bold enough to defy the Conventions—being content, like Mark Antony, to play the role of the plain, blunt man, who loves his friend—and his country—and whose one ambition is to be the champion of the bottom dog and the trusted guide of the common folk; and although, for the moment, I am heavily oppressed, I console myself, as ever, with that "fatuous optimism" which tells me that "clouds will be sunshine to-morrow." In the meantime, I am fortified and sustained by the confidence and comfort of a multitude of well-wishers—and there, so far as I am personally concerned, I leave the matter for the moment.

The Patrician in Politics.

Now, however, let us survey the whole field of public life, and give a kindly thought to those upon whose shoulders its principal burdens rest. Where shall we begin? I might cite the example of Mr. Balfour, who, at the age of seventy years—which the Psalmist spoke of as the "allotted span"—is undertaking the responsibility of a journey across the Atlantic in the opening winter season, to act for the time being as the principal British spokesman at the Washington Conference. Now, I suppose that no one really imagines that this veteran statesman would deliberately choose such an enterprise as this as a means of beguiling the hard-won leisure that has come to him towards the close of a busy life. It is no mere cant phrase to say that he is responding to the call of duty—or, if you like, that he is still paying the penalty which attaches to public life in the shape of constant effort and unremitting toil. It is a shallow view which talks of the "Sweets of office," and suggests that the path of the statesman is bestrewn with roses. The case of Mr. Balfour is very fairly typical of the experience of our public men. In the ordinary way, he could have had most of the delights of life without any particular effort. Riches, social position, powerful hereditary connections—all were his; and, added to these, a mind endowed with the culture of the ages, well fitted for any study or pursuit in which he chose to engage. Strong the temptation must have been to him to tread the primrose path of dalliance and to snatch at life's pleasures while neglecting its sterner duties. I cannot pretend to say why in the strength of his young manhood he threw himself into the hurly-burly of politics, descending into the dust of the arena, and devoting to the public service the best years of his life. Perhaps it was that the "itch" of politics was in his blood, that a scion of the Cecils could find no peace except in the atmosphere of politics and diplomacy. For, say what you will, the tradition of public service counts for a good deal in the stately homes of England, and it is to a great extent the "call of the blood" that sends the Greys and the Cecils and the Lowthers into the rough and tumble of public life. For such men a political career is one of privation and hardship, entailing the sacrifice of personal ease and comfort, and not seldom heavy pecuniary loss. In these days, moreover, there is an element of physical danger in public life, and no small degree of courage is required to face with equanimity the unseen perils that dog the statesman's path. Yet, from the highest to the lowest, our public men are ready to take their lives in their hands and to "face the music" with unruffled calm. The Prince of Wales goes to India with never a thought of the dangers inseparable from contact with the seething mass of unrest that is to be found within the far-flung borders of our Eastern Empire, and with no desire to avoid the heavy responsibilities which our statesmen—too eagerly, as I think—have thrust upon his shoulders. We expect it of him, and he nobly responds to our highest anticipations. Yet the times are critical, and I sometimes wonder whether we fully realise the perils which dog the footsteps of the great. Thrones and pedestals are tottering in all directions; and since the cessation of the war with Germany put an end to wholesale slaughter, the vogue of the assassin has had an unpleasant revival. We have had a sharp reminder of this from Japan, where the head of the Mikado's Government has been foully murdered through the agency of political disaffection arising from an unpopular redistribution of Cabinet offices. This sort of thing, as our French friends say, "gives one furiously to think," and the fact that a few weeks ago the President of the Portuguese Republic suffered a similar fate does not make the danger seem less remote. The truth is, of course, that neither Europe nor America is immune from the taint of political crime. The list of American Presidents, from Lincoln to McKinley, who have paid in blood the penalty of fame, is a long one, and none can predict with certainty that the catalogue is closed. Nor has the Old World a better record. We have seen in Russia how the sudden loosening of the bonds of social order and the eruption of class hatred may liberate a fury of destruction which recks nothing of age or sex, of quality or degree, in its murderous lust of slaughter. In the moment of triumph the Bolshevist rabble thought no more of murdering the Anointed Head of the Holy Russian Empire than of twisting the neck of a sparrow; and it may with certainty be predicted that in whatever European

OF PUBLIC LIFE.

Political Weapon—A Plea for Fair Play.

THE EDITOR

country the forces of anarchy gain the upper hand, similar scenes will be witnessed. Make no mistake, the danger is neither fanciful nor remote. Perhaps one of these days Sir Basil Thomson will be persuaded to tell us some of the things he knows, and in that case I fancy most of us will rub our eyes in amazement. Think, for instance, of the terrible weight of responsibility which rests upon those in charge of the Irish situation. Imagine the position of the Chief Secretary—especially before the present partial truce was arranged—passing backwards and forwards across the Irish Channel under the closest guard, never knowing but that the next journey might be his last, owing to the hourly peril of assassination from which there was no escape. Yet it is pleasant to know that there has never been any difficulty in filling the Irish Office. It has, in fact, been eagerly coveted by ambitious politicians anxious to prove their mettle in a troublesome and dangerous situation. And so it will always be, as long as our British stock endures and public life remains clean and honest enough to attract the best type of men. But we must be fair to those who serve us. Time and again I have protested against that mean-spirited attitude which sees in every aspirant for public office a greedy self-seeker, with no thought but to feather his own nest and procure for himself a larger share of the purple and fine linen of social life. Of some this may be partially true, but seldom wholly true of any, and in the majority of cases a palpable and ludicrous falsehood. It was Lord Rosebery, I think, who declared that the two happiest moments in his life were, first, when he received the Seals of Office at the hands of the Sovereign, and, secondly, when he handed them back. That is just it. I have no doubt the Prime Minister fully

meant what he said the other day, to the effect that if the Irish negotiations broke down and the Government were forced to resign, "there would be at least one glad man who would go to Buckingham Palace and hand in his commission from the Crown." I am not denying that there are two sides to the question, and that in quieter times the politician probably manages to get a good deal of fun out of life. But this is a troubled era, and if it is true, as it was in Shakespeare's time, that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," it is just as certain that restless are the pillows of the King's Ministers. The extent of the risks that surround the public men of Europe to-day was forcibly brought home to me not long ago when I crossed the Channel on the same boat as the veteran French statesman, M. Poincaré, who was returning from a visit to London. Although no longer a member of the French Government, and holding no official position of any sort, this distinguished statesman was surrounded on the journey by an army of detectives who seemed to be in a perfect fever of apprehension lest anything untoward should happen to Great Britain's celebrated guest. Well, I suppose the life has its attractions, but it is certainly "not all beer and skittles"—and although, as I say, I have my own troubles to contend with, I would not willingly change places with any of those whose responsibility it is to guide the helm of affairs in these difficult times. True, there are certain conventions of our public life which ease the burden, and these I submit should be jealously guarded. It is an accepted principle, in this country, loyally observed by nearly the whole of the Press, that a clear line of demarcation must be drawn between such of a man's actions, on the one hand, as are of public concern, and those, on the other, which are of merely private import. There is one direction, however, in which this salutary rule is openly defied, and although I must be careful what I say in the present state of affairs, I venture to call attention to the Bill I am introducing shortly into the House of Commons, which seeks to limit the right of a barrister to take advantage of a citizen's position in the witness-box to assail him during cross-examination with all sorts of vague charges which may have no relevance to the issues in the case and no shadow of foundation in fact. I am sure that, in pressing for this simple reform, I shall have the support of all fair-minded men and women, and I venture to hope that it will receive the earnest consideration of Members of Parliament, any of whom may sooner or later be exposed to this unscrupulous line of attack. Apart from safeguards of this sort, we shall have to reconcile ourselves to the gradual elimination from public life of the better type of politician, who simply will not run the risk of malicious persecution at the hands of those with whom he may happen to have crossed swords in the arena of Party conflict. The anxiety and strain of public life is bad enough without the added stings of malice. Envy and all uncharitableness are, of course, the daily portion of those who bear a prominent share in the conduct of public affairs.

Play the Game.

I strongly believe, however, that, as far as the average citizen is concerned, the hasty judgments he passes upon public men are due more often to want of thought than to any malicious intent, and my purpose will have been served if I have succeeded in presenting the other side of the picture. I have had the privilege of knowing many Ministers of the Crown—in this and earlier Governments—and I can honestly say that I have hardly known one who was not earnestly striving, according to his lights, to serve his King and Country. There have been exceptions, of course; but they have been few in number, and of such a character as in no way to impair the general rule. That in innumerable cases these well-meaning men have been mistaken in their policy goes without saying, and I for one have never hesitated to criticise where I thought that outspoken protest was called for in the national interest. But as a political controversialist I have always tried to play the game—that is to say, I have never imputed false or ignoble motives to an opponent or allowed my remonstrances to cross the line that divides public criticism from private slander. I have lived long enough and seen more than sufficient of the world's rough ways, to know that the chaplet of fame is too often a crown of thorns.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

"GOOD mornin', sir. . . . Don't go, sir! I shan't be 'alf a jiff! . . . *Back in a moment?* Ah, I've 'eard that tale before! I've told it meself more than once—w'en, p'raps, I've bin on a n'ollerdy an' 'ave jest popped in somew'eres for a shave or a n'air cut, an' seen the saloon full o' clients waitin' their turn. But it 'asn't never paid, accordin' to my recollection. I've gorn somew'ere's else an' found the same thing; an' sometimes, in the end, I 'aven't 'ad nothink done at all! So you take my advice, sir—jest set quiet, an' your turn'll come sooner, p'raps, than wot you expec's. . . .

* * *

Impatience—thet's wot lots o' people suffer from, sir. . . . Nex' gen'l'man, please! . . . Ah, I thought it was you, sir. A trim? . . . Cert'n'y. . . . You sees it in all the affairs o' life—impatience. 'Specially in politics. Look at the Irish debate in the 'Ouse the other day, w'en Colonel Gretton proposed wot amounted to a vote o' censure on the Guv'ment for not comin' to a settlement before now. I don't 'old no brief for Lloy' George, but I think 'e oughter be given a chawnce to settle the bizness 'e's taken on 'and without bein' interrupted by all this snappin' at 'is 'eels. This job's gotter be done amicable, or not at all. Thot's w'y I was rawther pleased to read wot Awther 'Enderson sed in the debate. 'E ain't no fool, is Awther—give you my word! . . . Eh? *You've sometimes thought 'e was?* Well, wot man 'asn't? An' 'aven't they bin about right every time? I dessay *you're* thought yourself a bit of a fool at some time or other? . . . *Thet's wot you sed?* No; you'll excuse me, but thet *ain't* wot you sed. You sed you'd sometimes thought Awther 'Enderson was. . . . *Same thing?* Wot jer mean, same thing? Ah, I've got yer! You're Mister 'Enderson 'isself! Pleased to meet you, mister! I'm glad to 'ave a chawnce to say to your face wot I wouldn't mind sayin' be'ind your back—thet I think your contribution to the Irish debate was the goods, an' wot *I* calls proper statesmanship. You pointed out the Labour Party's position, w'ich was to do nothink to' amper the Guv'ment in their efforts to bring about a Irish settlement; in fac', you went a bit further than thet: you sed the Labour Party was determined to assist the Guv'ment all they could to bring the Conference to a successful finish. There are some Labour leaders wot wouldn't 'ave acted like thet, Mister 'Enderson. . . .

* * *

I mean, some o' them would rawther obstruct the Guv'ment with the idea of a General Election and the return o' Labour to power, from 'oom the Irish extremists would git all they wanted. But you, as a moderate an' sane man, took the more patriotic stand, an' I'm grateful to you for it. . . . By the way, sir, I see your son's jest bin called to the Bar. It must be gratifyin' to you, mister, to see your offsprings startin' life in a sphere wot was above you in your young days, but wot your own 'ard work 'as brought in their reach. I 'ope 'e'll be successful, an' set on the Woolsack in course o' time. . . . Well, sir, 'ow's thet? . . . I'm glad o' thet, sir. . . . Thank you: I'm much obliged, I'm shore. Goo' day, sir! . . .

EXTRA TURNS.

BY PUBLIC PATTERERS.

THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P.

High Priest of Philosophic Doubt,
I know—you bet!—what I'm about;
Whate'er my purposes or aims,
Nothing can fluster Arthur James.
With calm detachment, I apply
The truths of my philosophy,
While lesser statesmen foam and rage
Their little hour upon the stage.
Perhaps that's why I'm picked upon
To take a trip to Washington;
For e'en though passion should run high,
They know on me they can rely
To still preserve a perfect calm—
For which I carry off the palm;
Whate'er my purposes or aims,
Nothing can fluster Arthur James!

PATTER: It's bred in the bone, you know. The Cecil family—see? Not that we are all like that, I admit. One or two of the younger representatives of our ancient line—dating from the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth, you know—are somewhat prone to excitement, I'm sorry to say. Lord Robert and Lord Hugh, for example. So commonplace, you know. So lacking in dignity. Shakespeare said a woman moved was like a fountain troubled, muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty. And it's the same with a Cecil. Calm, perfect calm, is the characteristic of a gentleman. But forgive me—I'm talking too much about myself, a social crime of which I am not often guilty. So I will say a few words about my mission to Washington, and what I hope from it. I have great hopes!—confident hopes—of the success of the disarmament Conference. I have said that before, and I say it again. Some people may be surprised to hear that I have an eminently pacific temperament. They may remind me that when I filled the post of Irish Secretary I was known as "Bloody Balfour." It is true I had an iron hand within my velvet glove—but was Ireland ever so peaceful as during my term of office? I ask you, confident of your reply. It was not. Some people have cavilled at my having been selected to lead the British delegation, because they, with their shallow pates and undiscerning minds, deem my temperament a militarist one. They remind one another of the part I took in the Boer War. But they have no occasion to be afraid. I am too much of a philosopher to wish to see my fellow creatures senselessly slaughtering each other. I am all for disarmament, if disarmament can be accomplished without danger to the integrity of the British Empire, which I consider the sheet anchor of civilisation and the sleepless guardian of Freedom.

High Priest of Philosophic Doubt,
I know—you bet—what I'm about;
With calm detachment I apply
The truth of my philosophy,
While lesser statesmen (ahem!)—

Yes, I *said* statesmen. *Where are they?* That is a somewhat peculiar question. It can be taken in two ways: firstly, it suggests that there are no statesmen of less degree than myself. (No, no!) Thank you. Then I will pursue the point no further:

While lesser statesmen foam and rage
Their little hour upon the stage;
Whereas, firm in my settled aims,
Nothing can fluster Arthur James!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"POULTRY WORLD":—"The Characteristics of Layers. . . . It is held by some that invariably the prolific LAYER carries HIS tail upright."

"DAILY SKETCH":—"Coat collars RUB THE NECK until it feels sore and inflamed. So DO THE CUFFS OF ONE'S COAT."

"DUNGARVAN OBSERVER":—"The wedding GUESTS were MANY AND COSTLY."

"WATERFORD STAR":—"It was decided to represent to THOSE BURIED IN THE CEMETERY that they should look after the grass."

"MILLOM GAZETTE":—"PIANIST Wanted for Haverigg Musical Society. . . . ONE WHO CAN PLAY THE PIANO PREFERRED."

"GIRLS' MIRROR"—"She took her HANDS from his, placed them on his two SHOULDERS, and LOOKED INTO THEIR DUSKY DEPTHS."

"DAILY NEWS":—"The Treaty contains a harmless NEUTRALITY clause, each country promising now TO ASSIST THE ENEMIES OF THE OTHER IN CASE OF WAR."

"ATHLETIC NEWS":—"Owing to the wretched conditions, the game was BROUGHT TO A CONCLUSION FIFTEEN MINUTES FROM THE END."

"WORCESTER HERALD":—"To acquire a lease or tenancy of —— Farm . . . and to carry on the business of farmers, dairymen, butter and EGG MANUFACTURERS and merchants."

"WINSFORD AND MIDDLEWICH CHRONICLE":—"Five minutes from time his side added a FOURTH GOAL. This ended a pleasant game, in which there WAS NOT A SINGLE GOAL."

"TIVERTON GAZETTE AND EAST DEVON HERALD":—"TWO-THIRDS of the grant to be devoted to paying off debt on piano . . . and the REMAINING THIRD to be spent on the purchase of nets for the Football Club. ANY SURPLUS THEN LEFT to be expended on buying bats and balls."

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

Evidently our readers are realising more and more what special bargains are advertised in JOHN BULL, and appreciating the Advertisement Guarantee on page 10. Amongst many letters received on the subject is one from Nova Scotia stating that the excellent suit supplied by S. A. Barry and Co. for £3 10s. cannot be duplicated there for less than 45 dollars. Their announcement is repeated on page 13.

Nestlé's Malted Milk is a new "food drink," consisting of rich milk, malted wheat and barley—a very nourishing and easily-digested combination. They invite those who have not tried it to write for a free sample to Nestlé's (Advt. Dept.), 15, Arthur Street, London, E.C 4.

Other interesting items are:—

Horne Bros.—several bargains in men's and boys' underwear and clothing, etc. (page 5).

Sellwyn's—ladies' shoes at 9s. 9d. per pair; postage 9d. extra.

Excello Gramophones—splendid British machines for 39s. 6d.

Finsbury Tailoring Co.—made-to-measure suits from 36s. 6d. and overcoats from 35s.; patterns, etc., free.

J. G. Graves, Ltd.—stainless cutlery service for 90s., by instalments.

Monkey Rotary Strop for safety blades, 5s. 6d.

J. W. Foster and Co.—blanket cloth overcoats at 20s.

John Needham—children's school boots at 7s. 6d.

Black Cat—illustrated free catalogue of gifts for smokers.

T. Bath & Co.—State your requirements and a catalogue will be sent by return.

There are many others worth watching, including the "Smalls" on page ii. of Cover. You can safely deal with any firm advertising in JOHN BULL.

You are entitled to a "JOHN BULL" Pen. See coupon on page 14.

CHARLES CHAPLIN
(THE CINEMA KING) IN HIS
ALL-WOOL BARRY OVERCOAT.

Here is direct, conclusive proof of our ability as Mail-Order Tailors. It indicates why we undertake to refund more than you actually have paid us if we fail to fit you perfectly from self-measures.

When CHARLIE CHAPLIN, the Cinema King, was in London, we waited upon him personally with an overcoat which we had cut and tailored merely from seeing and studying a Charlie Chaplin picture-card. We solemnly declare this to be the truth, and will pay £1,000 to any charity if the facts are not as stated.

Mr. CHAPLIN in this picture is seen at the Ritz Hotel, London, in his BARRY OVERCOAT. The overcoat was tried on before a representative gathering of Pressmen and was declared by Mr. CHAPLIN to be a perfect-fitting Coat in every respect. Note the fit of the collar, the fall of the lapels, the general lay of the body of the Coat. You will admit it is perfection. We declare that the photograph is untouched in any of these details, and that the photograph, excellent as it is, does not really do justice to the actual perfection of Mr. CHAPLIN'S Coat as it appeared before these Pressmen.

We can fit you as well as we fitted Mr. Charles Chaplin.

A £6 - 6 - 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL OVERCOAT
TO MEASURE for £3 - 3 - 0

These Tweeds bear the impress of the SCOTTISH WOOLLEN ASSOCIATION and need no other guarantee than this.

They are cut, made and trimmed to perfection. They are beyond competition.

AN UNPARALLELED GUARANTEE.—If for any reason whatsoever you do not consider this Pure Wool Overcoat to measure the finest value you have ever enjoyed, return the Coat, and we will refund not only the £3 3s., but 2s. 6d. more to compensate you for loss of time. That is the BARRY Guarantee. Dare we make such an offer, we ask, if we could not live up to what we claim?

Other BARRY features are

£5 5 0 PURE WOOL OVERCOAT to measure for £2 17 6

£3 3 0 SPORTS COAT to measure for 30/-

(As worn by J. DIMMOCK, Tottenham Hotspurs).

£6 6 0 ALL WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT, £3. 10 0

Indigo dyed, London shrunk, and Guaranteed ALL WOOL by BRADFORD CORPORATION TESTING HOUSE CERTIFICATE.

£4 4 0 YORKSHIRE TWEED SUIT for £2 10 0 to measure,

£12 12 0 BOND ST. DRESS SUIT for £6 6 0

Send for Free Patterns of all these Cloths. A postcard will bring them per return. Tweeds, Cheviots, Worsted, Serges, Homespuns, for your quiet consideration.

OUR SELF-MEASUREMENT SYSTEM is unfailing. Whether you call, or whether you send measures on one of our sure, unerring self-measuring charts, we guarantee to fit you as perfectly as we fitted Charlie Chaplin. There is positively no risk, otherwise we could not undertake to refund you 2s. 6d. more than you pay in the event of our not carrying out our undertaking. No risk, no delay. Orders are faithfully delivered in seven days whether you order by post or whether you call.

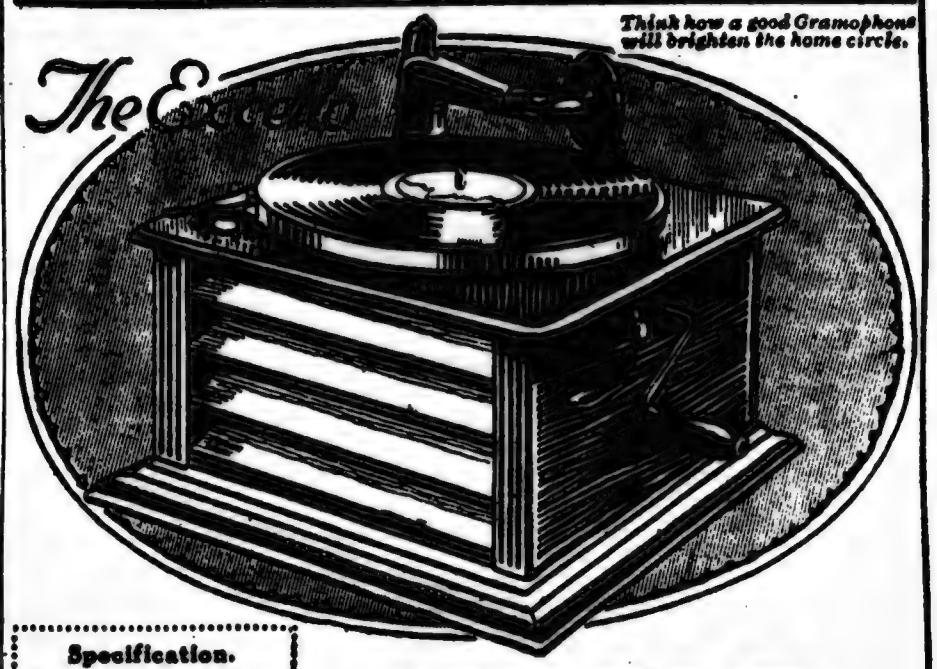
THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING. CALL OR WRITE.

S. A. BARRY & CO.
EXCLUSIVE MEASURE TAILORS.

(J.B.) 16, City Road, London, E.C.1.

(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.

Think how a good Gramophone will brighten the home circle.



Specification.

Latest hornless pattern (an improvement on the old-fashioned horn type in sound, appearance and portability). Highly polished Solid Oak Cabinet, approximately 10 inches high by 14 inches square. Baize covered 10-inch turntable with nickel-plated edge, will take up to 12-inch Record; nickel-plated tone arm, starting lever, speed regulator and handle. British made "Excello-de-luxe" sound box (exceptionally distinct reproducer). Powerful silent running motor with double record spring, very reliable and strong.

THIS
HIGH GRADE BRITISH
GRAMOPHONE
for 39/6

HERE is the most amazing Gramophone bargain ever offered to "John Bull" readers. You can now secure one of the famous "EXCELLO" Gramophones for the sensationally low price of 39/6. With each order is included a FREE GIFT of 200 needles.

The "EXCELLO" Gramophone is beautifully finished in every detail and, for purity and richness of tone, the sound equals that of a 20-guinea instrument.

A special feature of "EXCELLO" is its unique designed tone arm, fitted with patent Balance Support. This not only preserves the life of your records, but gives just the correct pressure on needle point to effect *Perfect Sound Reproduction*.

Send the Coupon below to-day together with 39/6, plus 4/6 for carriage and packing, and this wonderful Gramophone bargain and free gift of 200 needles will be yours by return. You run no risk whatever.

Illustrated Art Catalogue sent free on request.

N.B.—We do not give away cheap records as an inducement to purchase, but can include 6 selections (new and up-to-date Records) for 7/6 extra.

Special 14-day FREE OFFER to "JOHN BULL" readers ONLY.

On all orders received up to the first post on November 24th we will include with the "EXCELLO" Gramophone a FREE gift of a handsome Record Album. Each Album (value 7/6), is artistically gold-designed and will hold 12 Records. Fill in this Coupon to-day.

Read these Testimonials.

J. Bristow, of Millers Dale, Derbyshire:
I received the gramophone quite safely. I am sure I could not get one elsewhere for double the money.

F. C. Waiser, Hastings:
Received gramophone quite safely and am very pleased. It is in perfect order and beautifully toned.

FILL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.

CUT HERE

To Excello Gramophone Co. (Dept. J.B.), 53-54, Hampstead Road, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

1. *Please send Free Illustrated Catalogue.
2. *I enclose cheque/P.O. for 44/- *(plus 7/6 extra for records).

Please forward to the address below one "EXCELLO" Gramophone and 200 needles FREE, together with a special FREE GIFT of Record Album.

*Strike out if not applicable.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Date.....

Free Gift available up to the first post 24-11-21.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheese-paring, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

Your Dibs, Boys:—Four millions are about to be placed to the credit of the United Services Fund, through which you ex-soldiers will benefit. You would have had more if the War Office had not dipped its sticky fingers into the money. Lord Byng took over the fund at the request of the King—on the understanding, as he told us, that he would retire from the Army and that the War Office would not thrust its birdlimed digits into the money, and his Majesty replied, "I want you to look after the fund, as the soldiers trust you, Byng." However, some of the cash has been paid over, and "it might have been worse"!

Tommy's Health:—Paragraph 99 of King's Regulations lays down that C.O.s are to pay strict attention to the preservation of the health of their troops, and Medical Officers are charged with advising all General and other officers, "who will incur grave responsibility if such advice is neglected without adequate reason." Will certain officers in the East study this paragraph and consider if they should compel their defaulters to do pack-drill in the hottest hours and, by fulfilling their whims as martinets, ruin their victims for ever? And will the Army Council please note?

The Guards' Hair—The Coldstreamers in the Tower of London complain that their hair has to be shorn almost to the bone, and they are ashamed to take their caps off. But courage, brother! In other days heads, and not hairs, got the attention in the Tower of the underlings of those who ruled.

Sportsmen's Re-union:—On the 15th inst. the remaining members of the Sportsmen's Battalion—afterwards the 23rd Batt. R.F., will meet at the Connaught Rooms to have dinner and fight their battles over again. The Secretary is Mr. P. C. Essex, Stock Exchange, London, E.C.

In Reply to Yours:—Naval War medals are now ready for the officers and men entitled to the 1914-15 Star, except those whose surnames commence with the letters B, G, H, J, M, and W. We have so many inquiries that we make this general notification.

Passing Mean:—In January last barracks in Chatham caught fire, and all and sundry soldiers, including the military police, took part in subduing the outbreak. The Warwicks, whose uniform was spoiled, got a free issue of kit, but the M.F.P. have had to replace their clothing at their own expense, although the court of inquiry suggested that the damage should be made good out of the public pocket.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From A. A. O., Doncaster:—"Allow me to tender my sincerest thanks for your kindly intervention on my behalf regarding arrears of pension. I had written for eight months without result, and no doubt would have been waiting still had it not been for you. Please accept enclosed for your Fund."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

NINETY—IN THE SHADE.

HAPLESS LOT OF A GALLANT OLD SOLDIER.

He must indeed be callous who can read unmoved of any old soldier of the Empire ending his days in penury; but when it is the case of one of the few survivors of that heroic blunder, the Charge of the Light Brigade, one's indignation is intensified. James Hewitt was born in County Donegal, in November, 1831, and came of a fighting family. Both his grandfathers fought in the Battle of Waterloo. It was not, however, until 1853 that—following his natural bent—he joined the Colours. Meantime, he had searched for work in England; but a labourer's pay at that period—3d. per day—was insufficient to counteract the allurements of a military life. He enlisted at Canterbury in the 13th Light Dragoons, and the following year went with his regiment to the Crimea and played a soldier's part in all the battles of that campaign.

CHARGE!

James Hewitt is one of the few men living who heard Nolan's famous order to charge the Russian guns—an order that sent the immortal Six Hundred "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell." With the remnants of that gallant band he fought at Inkerman and Sebastopol, and was demobilised at the Peace of Paris. Hewitt next saw service in India, where he experienced the horrors of the Mutiny. In 1859 he returned home, but rejoined the Army the same year. His next expedition was to Canada, but the ship in which he sailed was wrecked in the St. Lawrence River, in which disaster he was severely injured. He subsequently served through the Fenian risings of 1864, 1866, and 1870. The hardships and privations he had endured in so many climates now began to have their inevitable effect upon his health, and he was in consequence invalided out of the Army. But his spirit still responded to the rattle of the drum, although for a time he had to content himself with training recruits.

A PATRIOTIC SACRIFICE.

Eventually the craving for more active service proved irresistible, and he joined the Volunteers in Canada, thereby forfeiting his pension. With the scars of eleven wounds and six medals for bravery, James Hewitt, in 1910, at the age of 79, returned to Ireland and made a home at Drumquin, County Tyrone, where he hoped to spend the evening of his days. He reckoned without the Sinn Feiners, however. He was threatened by letter, and three times shot at. Consequently, he removed, with his wife. James Hewitt, at the age of 90, and with a record of service probably unequalled, is ending his days in the grim shadow of poverty, for the best his grateful country has been able—or willing—to do for him has been to grant a pension of 1s. 6d. a day from Chelsea Hospital. Surely so gallant an old soldier deserves a better fate than this and a brighter close to his long and eventful life. We, at any rate, have done what we can to lighten the burden of his lengthy days.

"SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED."

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Saved:—A man has a helpmate and two children, the former being seriously ill. A few hours before the arrival of the furniture removers we sent the necessary help.

His Own Fault:—An ex-soldier on pension refused to go under treatment, and necessarily had his allowance cut off. We helped him because he was starving, brought him to a right frame of mind, so that he promised to undergo the hospital treatment necessary to restore him to health and procure the restoration of his pension.

Old Age in Distress:—An aged man lost his work through illness. When his unemployment dole expired he came to us for help, and we did not turn a deaf ear.

Borrowed to Bury:—A pensionless discharged soldier died of consumption, and his wife was compelled to borrow in order to bury him. We immediately relieved her case.

The Old Story:—A man out of work and owing rent, had his troubles increased by a wife on the brink of confinement.

On His Feet Again:—Out of work and ill, an ex-soldier received help from us. We have since been instrumental in getting him a job, and redeemed his clothing from the pawnbroker.

A Widow's Distress:—A widow, who cannot presently work owing to heart trouble, has several young children who were in need of food and clothing until we relieved their wants.

"Any Old Clo'"?:—The recent rains have resulted in a full crop of applications to us for boots and clothing. And we have the perennial cry for covering for the little new arrivals of the poor.

In a "Cleft Stick":—The wife of an out-of-work ex-soldier entered the infirmary to be confined, and she could not be returned home until we sent baby clothing and money.

His Quiver Full:—An invalid man has eleven children, three of whom are working for very scant pay. The distress of the family was keen.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE FUND.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

E. K. (Hitchin), 2s. and parcel; J. C. D. (Lahore), 2s. 6d.; A. J. M., 1s.; G. F. B. (Paisley), 5s.; W. O., 1s.; "Nottingham Admirer," 2s. 6d.; F. A. W., 6d.; L. D., 2s.; "A Few Brookvale Sympathisers" (per E. C.), 9s.; "Part of Overtime," 1s. 6d.; "Happy," 10s.; F. S. (Sheffield), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. C. (Noke), 1s. and parcel; T. L. (France), 1s. 6d.; Anon. (Twickenham), 5s.; "Isabella," 3s.; "W.," £1; "A Working Girl" (London, W.), 5s.; "In Memory of Pat," 5s.; T. W. D. (Rhyl), £5; "Luckily Employed," 2s. 6d.; E. M. (Ross-on-Eye), 2s. 6d.; A. B. (York), 1s.; Mrs. W. (Streatham), 2s.; "Peggy" (Oldham), 2s.; R. W., 1s.; Mrs. H., 1s. and parcel; Mrs. M. C. (Lowestoft), 2s. 6d.; "A Sympathiser" (Glasgow), 1s. 0½d.; F. W. (Edgbaston), 2s. 6d.; M. J. S. W. (Croy), 5s.; Anon (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s. 2d.; E. B. (Salisbury), 3s. and parcel; G. W. W., 2s. 6d.; C. N. M., 1s.; "Z.," £1; T. S. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; A. M. M. (California), £1; G. D. F. (New Jersey), 5s.; Mrs. F. S. N. (Hove), 5s. and parcel; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; R. H. (Auchinblae), 2s.; "Whiskers," 5s.; Mrs. D. M. (Singapore), 4s.; Anon. (Liverpool), 1s. 6d.; "In Memory of Bruce," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. L. (Everley), 2s.; "South Ealing Reader," 4s.; W. S. (S. Rhodesia), 1s.; E. M., 1s.; "Grateful" (Glasgow), 1s.; A. A. O. (Doncaster), 10s.; J. O. J. (Bury), 2s. 6d.; "Jeannette" (Scotland), 2s.; "Shaul," £1 1s.; "Whis Bang" (Plymouth), 1s.; H. J. (Gamley), 2s. 6d.; "Old Jumper," 1s. 6d.; T. B. F. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; W. A., 1s.; "A Wellwisher" (Wembley Hill), 3s.; V. R. G. (Portsmouth), 1s.; Mrs. F. W. G. (Hayes End), 1s.; G. A. K. (Rayleigh), £1; C. I. M. I. (Helsby), 5s.; G. G., 2s. 6d.; B. G. (Wishaw), 10s.; G. & D.W. (Aberdare), 5s.; "Inasmuch" (Preston), 10s.; R. & J. H. (Faversham), 2s.

Mr. Lewis Faraker, the winner of the First Prize in our "Bullets" Competition No. 426, has kindly sent us £5.

a 10/6 Pen for 2/-

High Street, Cavendish,
6th October, 1921.

Dear Sirs,—I received Fountain Pens with many thanks, for which I am very pleased.

I think they are *marvellous value for money*, and shall do what I can to recommend your "JOHN BULL" Fountain Pens to all my friends.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) H. J. CREANE

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this coupon with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "JOHN BULL," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send 7 coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1/3 Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. *Nov. 12, 1921.*

P.O.s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

HAD YOUR "JOHN BULL" PEN YET?—IF NOT—DON'T DELAY—SEND TO-DAY.

POISONED LEG
FROM A KICK

Footballer Finds Zam-Buk A Splendid Healer.

Mr. A. G. Haines (from a photo).

"When playing football I got a kick on my left ankle," writes Mr. A. G. Haines, of 6, London Road, Handsworth, Birmingham. "It left a little sore which later got as big as a five-shilling piece.

"The discharge made me very weak and the pain was nearly unbearable. My leg swelled from knee to ankle, and sleep was often impossible. I had treatment from a doctor, and tried besides a lot of ointments; but for 4½ years the leg showed no sign of healing. Then a friend persuaded me to try Zam-Buk, which soon *soothed the pain and took away the inflammation.*

"So I regularly dressed the wound with Zam-Buk and it brought down the swelling and drew out the corruption. Then the big sore place dried up, and was finally healed by Zam-Buk with new healthy skin. My leg is perfectly sound now, thanks alone to Zam-Buk."

Zam-Buk

Sold in sealed boxes by all chemists. Be sure you get Zam-Buk.

THE STORY OF TOBACCO. *No.II—Burton's Famous Dictum.*

ROBERT Burton (1577-1640) with wonderful foresight, wrote thus in his "Anatomy of Melancholy":—"Tobacco, divine, rare, super-excellent Tobacco, which goes far beyond all the panaceas, potable gold, and philosopher's stones, a sovereign remedy to all diseases." Verily, he might have been smoking a pipe of Player's "Country Life" Smoking Mixture, while penning that page of his masterpiece.

PLAYER'S
"COUNTRY LIFE"
Tobacco and Cigarettes.

TOBACCO	CIGARETTES
Mild & Medium Strengths	Pink Packet 10 for 6d.
1/-per oz. 4/-per ¼lb. Tins	Blue Packet 10 for 5½d.

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, NOTTINGHAM

P.913. Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Everyone's Health Beverage

Nestlé's Malted Milk is the most healthful and delightful of drinks. Prepared from pure rich milk and fine malted wheat and barley, it is an ideal food for all, young or old—full of nourishment and very easily digested. It builds health for the unfit, and safeguards the strength of the strong. Let everyone in the family have it.

NESTLÉ'S MALTED MILK

Sold Everywhere. Cash prices 2/- and 3/6 per bottle.

Where unobtainable locally, postage will be refunded and sample sent if you will kindly write us with the name and address of your grocer or store.

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1,000 Raglan Overcoats to be sold at 20/- each.

Owing to our great purchasing power we have managed to secure this manufacturer's stock of gentleman's Raglan Overcoats, and can offer them direct to you at the remarkable low price of 20/-. This means a saving of 25/-.

The coats are excellently made in all-wool French Blanket Cloth on the popular loose-fitting style, all seams are bound with tape, supplied with side or square pockets, plain or gauntlet cuffs. Sizes from 34 to 42, in many shades of fashionable greys and browns.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Post your order off now—the cold weather will soon be here and these coats are selling rapidly. You can safely order your garment now, for we guarantee to give you entire satisfaction or refund your money in full. Send your order to-day and receive one of these splendid overcoats by return of post—remember no further payments and money back if not satisfied.

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ALWAYS the best & still the best TO-DAY

For making the lightest, most digestible and appetising Bread, Cakes, Pastries, Puddings and Pies.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

has had an unrivalled reputation all over the world for nearly 80 years.

Are you troubled by Asthma

Are you almost suffocated by a horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake at night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is quite safe to use. It contains no opiates and neither causes headache nor bad after-effects. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all chemists, herbalists and stores for 1s. 6d. or post free 1s 9d., from Potter and Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

A Free Trial together with a little book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent if you forward a 2d. stamp and

Sign this Form To-day
and post it to the above address

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR.

Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Five Per Cent.

The reduction in the Bank rate from 5½ per cent. to 5 per cent. has provided the Stock Exchange with a tonic for which it has been waiting some time. By reducing interest rates all round it should bring out more money for investment, and by helping trade it should tend to increase the intrinsic value of the great bulk of securities. The reduction lacked the element of surprise, for it was preceded by a further decline in the official New York rate to 4½ per cent. This enabled London to come down to 5 per cent. without incurring the danger of encouraging withdrawals of American money here. This new helpful factor has arrived at a time when Stock Exchange conditions were already showing signs of bettering, and has bred a much more confident feeling. An argument which has stiffened market sentiment a good deal, has been that the Bank of England would not have made the reduction unless convinced that the financial situation was much healthier.

Halved Cotton Profits.

The annual profits of J. & P. Coats at £2,072,449 are less than half those for the previous twelve months. The latter reached a record level of £4,164,894 as the result of the high prices to which the Company's goods were advanced, and which caused an outcry all over the country. The high price period has passed, and foreign trade remains contracted. Hence the fall in profits. Shareholders, in the circumstances, are fortunate in having the dividend maintained at 15 per cent. for the year with a 6d. per share bonus. The maintenance of the dividend next year obviously depends upon a marked improvement in trade.

Queensland and JOHN BULL.

The Agent-General for Queensland writes to correct a statement made in this column in regard to the Queensland Loan, recently raised in the United States, that "the bulk of the proceeds must be spent in the States." Mr. Hunter denies that there was any such provision in the Loan agreement, and I of course accept his denial without question, merely adding that the condition I quoted was given in cabled details of the issue from the other side of the Atlantic, and was generally understood in the City at the time to be part of the document.

A Mistaken Policy.

Mr. Hunter proceeds to point out that Queensland extends a generous tariff preference to Great Britain. But this is really quite beside the question. The whole point of the paragraph in fact was the financial vagaries of Queensland's Labour Premier, Mr. Theodore. This gentleman, as I stated before, has quarrelled with the London money market, which accuses him of bad faith. His quarrel has become a plank in his political platform, and he has poured out many semi-Communistic vapourings about it. Having spoiled Queensland's credit here, he is obliged to borrow expensively in New York. I said before that Queensland could not be satisfied with such a transaction, and if confirmation were wanting Mr. Hunter now states that the Loan proceeds are being remitted to London for Queensland's use—which means that at the present exchange the amount subscribed is automatically reduced by one-fifth as remitted. All this is quite indefensible, and the main consideration to keep in the foreground is that Queensland has to pay for it.

Lloyd's and Yankee Ships.

Some ill will has apparently been caused in American mercantile marine circles by the alleged discrimination by Lloyd's against American shipping. Admittedly, insurance rates for American bottoms are on an average higher than for British, and the conclusion has been drawn that this is in the nature of a British conspiracy against the new American mercantile marine. At Lloyd's such an allegation is stated to be entirely unfounded. There is no conscious discrimination in a national sense at all. Lloyd's is a business institution before anything else. The real reason of the difference in rates is the fact that British ships collectively are better run and more dependably managed than American. Even American insurance companies quote lower rates for British shipping. This has not prevented one irate American shipping company from setting up its own insurance organisation. I do not suppose London underwriters will worry.

Cheap Rails.

I have often stated that home railway prior charge stocks are good for a lockup, and the junior stocks of the principal lines are now beginning to look cheap, even allowing for the uncertainties of the immediate future. The crumbling of prices in this market has been steadily progressive during recent months, and the amount of stock which has changed hands is quite out of proportion to the fall which has taken place. A very little would now bring about a change of conditions, and the Bank rate reduction may prove to be a turning point. North Westerns, Midland Deferred and Brighton Deferred should also turn out profitably to those who can put them away for a time.

RHEUMATISM CURED QUICKLY & EFFECTIVELY

The Rheumatic Sufferers foot under the X-rays clearly shows the position of the grains of URIC ACID which cause the excruciating agonies of RHEUMATISM. It is these sharp-pointed crystals which URACE dissolves and drives from the system, freeing the stiff, inflamed joints, and putting new life into the aching, strained limbs.

URACE DISSOLVES AND DRIVES OUT URIC ACID FROM THE BLOOD.

URACE and URACE alone, can cure rheumatism. Nothing is more certain than that. It cures on a new and common-sense principle. It directly attacks the cause of rheumatism—uric acid—dissolves and expels the uric acid from the system and proves a life reappearance. This is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY. Get a box now.

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylors Saintsbury, Whiteley's, Harrods, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, 78, Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C.1.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Box.

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Neuralgia Cramp Nerve Pains
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—a cup of the most delicious coffee obtainable — "Milkmaid" Café au Lait. It is coffee with the true Parisian character; of delicate flavour and fragrant aroma. Invigorating and sustaining, it is most economical —no milk or sugar is required

CAFÉ AU LAIT

"MILKMAID" BRAND

Leaves no "grounds" for complaint.

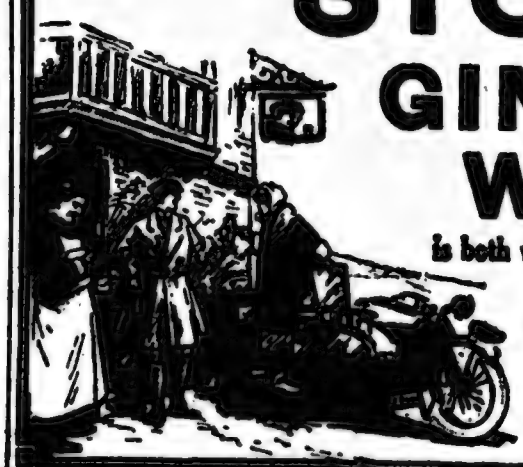
Sold Everywhere. Cash Prices 11d. and 1/9d. per tin.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write direct to us—postage will be refunded.

NESTLÉ'S (Advt. Dept.), 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C. 3.

When you come in out of the cold a glass of

STONE'S GINGER WINE



is both warming and re-invigorating.

Famous since 1740.

In bottles from Licensed Grocers, etc., and sold by the glass at all Bars, Buffets, Theatres, etc.

Be sure you get STONE'S—Look for the NAME on the Label.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Stone's Ginger Wine, Finsbury, London.

TWEED COAT from JOHN NOBLE'S

20/- Here is the biggest bargain of the Autumn, one that really will save you money. A typical offer from John Noble's, the house that has made the greatest offers for 50 years.

Stylish Tweed Coat

Model S.2768

This Coat is the "Masterpiece" for good value, excellent material, smart cut, and neat workmanship. Made in good, warm, up-to-date tweeds in Brown, Heather, and Grey Mixtures. Please note the convertible collar (as sketch) and useful pockets. Length 46 ins. In S.W., W., and O.S. sizes. Price only 20/- honestly worth 40/-

FREE

Send for copy of New Bargain Catalogue of Fashions and Household Drapery and particulars of John Noble Gifts of beautiful pictures. Write now

Send to John Noble's.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. (Dept. 55) Brook St. Mills, Manchester.

Good for the "Sole," to boot!

Light — Durable — Resilient

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Rubber Soles and Heels.

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Manufacturers: SUSSEX RUBBER CO., London E. (Makers of the famous Waterloo Boots and Tyres).

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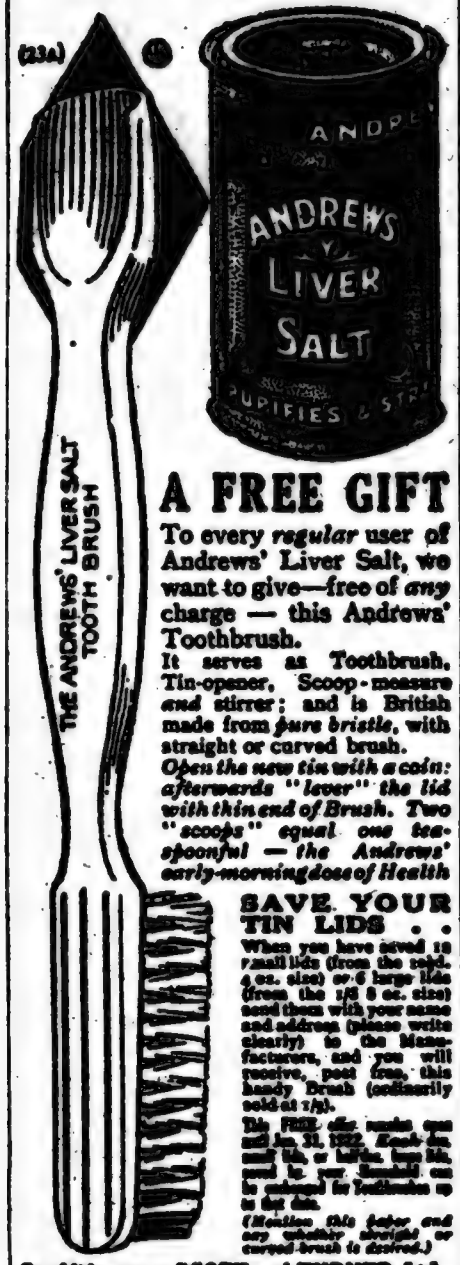

A FREE GIFT

To every *regular* user of Andrews' Liver Salt, we want to give—free of *any* charge — this Andrews' Toothbrush.

It serves as Toothbrush, Tin-opener, Scoop-measure *and* stirrer; and is British made from *pure bristle*, with straight or carved brush.

Open the new tin with a coin: afterwards "lever" the lid with thin end of Brush. Two "scoops" equal one teaspoonful — the Andrews' early-morning dose of Health

SAVE YOUR TIN LIDS . .

When you have saved 12 small lids (from the 2½d. or 4½ oz. size) or 6 large lids (from the 1/3 8 oz. size) send them with your name and address (please write clearly) to the Manufacturers, and you will receive, post free, this handy Brush (ordinarily sold at 1/3).

This FREE offer remains open until Jan. 31, 1922. Remember, small lids, or half-lids, must be sent, as your Household can be supplied for Toothbrushes up to that date.

(Mention this paper and say whether straight or carved brush is desired.)

Send lids, etc. to SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

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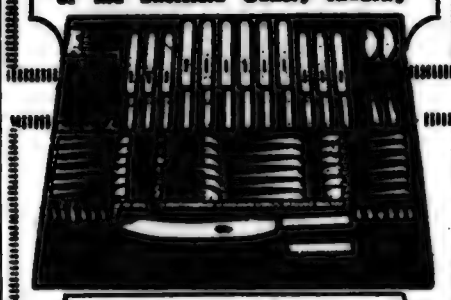
SHEFFIELD
STAINLESS CUTLERY

The finest Cutlery Value in the World, and undeniably the greatest achievement in the whole history of the Sheffield Cutlery Industry



THE GRAVES SERVICE OF STAINLESS CUTLERY

and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer ever made.

7/6 with order

The KNIVES are of genuine 'Enterprise Brand Stainless Steel, fitted with handles of beautifully grained Ivorette, the most perfect substitute for African Ivory. Carver blade of genuine 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel, 9in. long, scimitar shaped. Carving Fork fitted with adjustable hand-guard. Forks & Spoons are manufactured from Columbian Silver, a special amalgam of metals produced exclusively for our works and unobtainable from any other source. This beautiful metal bears a bright lustrous polish indistinguishable from sterling silver, wears white all through. Lasts a lifetime

WE DELIVER the Graves Stainless Service of Cutlery and Superfine Table Plate, carriage paid to approved orders, on receipt of 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if you are entirely satisfied with the Service after examination. Money back, in full, if at all disappointed.

THE GRAVES SERVICE COMPRISES:
1 Pair Genuine 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel CARVERS, 9-inch Curved Blade, handsome Ivorette handles, securely fitted.

6 Table Knives	6 Dessert Spns	1 Salt Spoon
6 Table Forks	6 Tea Spoons	1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Knvs	6 Egg Spoons	1pr. Tongs
6 Dessert Frks	2 Table Spns.	1 Jam Spoon

Price **90/-** without case.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Our handsomely illustrated catalogue of genuine Sheffield Cutlery (including Stainless specialities), Silver Plate Case goods, etc., will be sent per return to your address on receipt of a post card. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Apples are abundant!

In Autumn, of all fruits, Apple is King, with Bird's Custard as Consort.—Apples and Bird's Custard should be the crowning dish on every table this Season.

To have Bird's Custard with Apples—baked, or stewed, in pudding or pie, daily with one of the meals is just the most effective way to secure a clear skin and to keep the system healthy and active.

To have the fruit served with cream-like

BIRD'S CUSTARD

is to make it even more delicious, and to multiply its real "do-you-good" value several times over.

And judged as a food, Bird's Custard with Apples is about the most inexpensive and satisfying fruit dish or dinner-sweet in the world.

Easy to remember—
"An Apple a day,—
In the Bird's Custard way."

What to Take for CONSTIPATION

Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels.** Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—* Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Buy your
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AND
make certain of BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR MONEY.

The finest selection in London to choose from. Elegant Model Fur Coats, beautiful Fur Stoles and Wraps, all at WHOLESALE PRICES and of guaranteed quality. *Call or write.*

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I WILL Make YOU a Brilliant Pianist.

Never mind if you do not know a note to start with—I state with absolute confidence I can "Make you a Brilliant Pianist." I do it in a pleasurable manner, in a third the time, with a quarter the work, at a tenth the expense. I have taught thousands for twenty years by a correspondence system as simple as A B C to follow; progressive, INTENSIVE and absorbingly interesting. You scarcely realise any effort before you *play* beyond your dreams. Nothing freakish, just ordinary music made *interesting and instructive.*

"MIND, MUSCLE & KEYBOARD."—To all who are interested I will send a copy of my book, as above, FREE. Just a postcard (Mrs., Miss, Rev. or Mr.) with address and the one word to suit your case, "Beginner," "Elementary," "Moderate" or "Advanced." SEND NOW.

Lessons personally graded for *absolute beginners* to those with degrees such as Mus. Bac.; L.M.T.C.L.; L.L.C.M.; B.Sc., etc. WHY NOT YOU?

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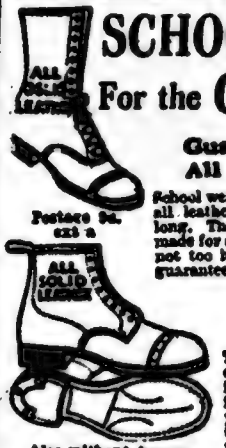
SCHOOL BOOTS For the CHILDREN



Guaranteed All Leather **7/6**

Postage 9d. extra

School wear is heavy wear and none but all leather footwear will stand it for long. The boots illustrated are specially made for school wear, very strong, but not too heavy to tire young feet, and guaranteed all leather throughout.

Size 7-10	:	7/6 pair.
,, 11-1	:	8/6 ,,
,, 2-5	:	10/ ,,
,, 6	:	1/- extra.

Also without toecap for Scouts.

They are pre-war value. Send order to-day and receive boots in 48 hours. Money returned if not satisfied. Write for profusely illustrated family Catalogue, No. 61. It offers unequalled value in footwear and clothing.

John Needham
ALL LEATHER WORKS
98 Sparkenhoe St. LEICESTER

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

The EDITOR replies to and chats with some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

J. L. (Workington).—"Cheer up. You will come out all right. You have been a friend and benefactor to many a home." Thanks, "J. L.", and we still hope to carry on with the good work.

W. R. (Aldershot).—"Mr. Bottomley is loved by all the soldiers." Such messages as these do much to encourage us in these strenuous times.

C. M. (Brighton).—So your wife plays the piano, your daughter plays the fiddle, and your son plays the fool. Evidently a very talented family. But haven't you a voice in the matter? Get the "JOHN BULL Song and Dance Annual" and see what a little music will do to keep sonnie at home of an evening.

"WORKER."—"We are all day long under the farmer's nose." Hope he likes it.

"IRISHWOMAN" (Dublin).—It may be very pious to "thank God you are Irish," although don't forget your parents had a hand in it. But no doubt you mean well.

"CONSTANT READER" (Scotland).—So you think the present Government are distinguished by "an underhanded, tricky way of carrying on." That ought to make 'em sit up.

"MUSING MISS." (Stratford, E.).—Much interested in your opinion of the young fellow. Perhaps to avoid unpleasantness we had better keep it to ourselves.

A. H. M. (Bournemouth).—Afraid we cannot agree that "women work harder than men." Perhaps it seems harder.

"EX-SERVICE WOMAN" (Canada).—Glad to hear that amid all your hardships you "get a little dancing in the winter." If anything comes of it you might drop us a postcard.

"DURATION" (Southport).—Your suggested form of words for a proposal of marriage by post seems quite in order, although a neater method would be to send a reply-paid telegram.

LATE PTE. JOHN GREENWOOD.—If the relatives of this soldier, who was killed in action in July, 1918, whilst serving with the Durham Light Infantry, would like a photograph of his grave, it may be had upon application to this office, through the courtesy of an old comrade who has recently visited the French battlefields.

J. W. (Durham).—"It is 59 years last April since I commenced working in a coal mine." Then we hope you may soon be able to retire and watch the home fires burning.

S. W. J. (Holloway, N.).—"I have noticed your paper sticks up for the right." Anyone who is not stone blind can see that.

C. C. W. (Ramsgate).—You seem to be right in stating that in Roman numerals M with a dash over it stands for one million.

A. C. B. (Anerley, S.E.).—If ever we make a mistake we are glad to be corrected. But it must be without unnecessary rudeness.

"CONNAUGHT RANGER" (Galway).—We have certainly never said "to Hell with Ulster." For one thing, that is not at all our style of speech.

U. E. C. H. (Cheltenham).—The advertisement asking for a married lady to exchange her underclothing for new laid eggs had already been brought to our notice. Trust she didn't miss 'em.

J. S. (Durham).—"Lloyd George is the cause of a lot of unemployment." Don't you think you could have told us that under ten pages?

M. O'B. (Cape Town).—We certainly agree that the graves of the men who fell in the South African War should be treated with respect. Perhaps you would send fuller details of the scandal to which you refer.

J. E. W. (London, S.E.).—Afraid you have not a strong legal case for the recovery of Income-Tax on dividends from Farrow's Bank. Butter from a dog's throat would be easy to secure in comparison.

A. E. B. (London, S.W.).—"I think it is little wonder men 'see red' after reading the newspapers." Depends what they read, and on the state of their mental digestion.

M. G. (Otley).—It was extremely kind of the lady you speak of to give the poor tramp a lift in her motor-car. Trust he behaved himself.

F. J. (Portsmouth).—"I would like to draw your attention to the inefficiency of the Post Office." No need, sonny. We are in the position of the toad under the harrow, which, according to the poet, "knows where each tooth point goes."

F. W. C. (Nottingham).—Nothing shall tempt us to hold a man up to ridicule simply because he cannot spell. We would as soon think of poking fun at you for making blots all over the place.

A. L. (Leith).—Sorry to read that the Rev. J. D. Robertson thinks *Sunday Illustrated* is "a blow at the Church." It is all Scotland to a hayseed that he hasn't seen it.

"READER" (Merionethshire).—Unless you explain we cannot quite make out why you should cut bits out of JOHN BULL and post them to us. If you simply mean to suggest how nice they are, we are with you all the time.

"MORALIST" (Rochester).—The lady you speak of who had "neither wealth, nor friends, nor ease, nor luxury to give her joy" was certainly in a bad way. Perhaps she kept a parrot.

B. R. (Maidenhead).—So you are "glad the Summer Time farce is ended." No odds to us why you prefer the dark evenings.

"PENSIONER."—We note that for a small fee you are prepared to impart "the real secret in regard to twins." Trust it leaves an option.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Liverpool).—Sorry to hear that while lying in hospital you were so terribly bored by the Chaplain's "funny stories." The best plan would have been to take turns—then you could have made the running.

C. D. (Stratford).—You are under a slight misapprehension. The offence under the Betting Act consists not in "backing a horse," but in doing it "in a public place"—without first squaring the policeman.

G. W. (Hatfield).—"JOHN BULL every Wednesday is a joy to read." And no headache in the morning.

"CONSUMER" (Scarborough).—So you think the local coal merchants are guilty of "damned impertinence." We can only suggest you should pray for them.

"TORRAG" (London, N.W.).—We cannot follow your reference to "parasitic advertisements," unless you mean those associated with the firm of Keating's.

F. W. (Blackpool).—Your booklet about the attractions of Blackpool arrived most inopportunely after the close of the holiday season, and sent the whole staff into the sulks for a week.

"DISTRESSED."—It was a great mistake to part with £200 to an entire stranger on the strength of vague promises. Afraid when last you visited the dentist he must have extracted your eye tooth.

A. J. D. (Leyton, E.).—We take it that when people send "regrets" to a wedding, they mean they are sorry not to be present. If they intend anything more it's like their impudence.

Miss A. M. (Southampton).—"Your favourite quotation is also mine." We must be twin souls.

E. D. (Sudbrook).—Afraid we cannot persuade the railway companies to carry push chairs free, although we are inclined to agree that it might have a nice influence on the birth rate.

"STAUNCH ADMIRER" (Darlington).—"Please give our local bakers a rub." Sorry, all our rubbers are in use at the moment, but if you can wait a week or two we will see what they knead.

"A MINER."—"The toffs worship Lloyd George for what he does." And cuss him for what he doesn't.

R. H. (Gosport).—We are not acquainted with any scandal concerning troops from the East and a titled lady. Afraid you have been talking to someone low.

J. G. (Fifeshire).—We are entirely at one with you in regard to "the utter impracticability of the far-fetched theories of the extremists." Such nice language, too.

W. H. A. (Cardiff).—Glad you like our "splendid articles." There are lots more in the incubator.

W. W. (Dover).—"Could not the Cabinet be persuaded to approach the King?" Quite easily, no doubt. We are told privately that his trouble is to get shot of them while there is anything left to eat or drink.

"CRUSADER" (Queen's Gate, S.W.).—Pity you cannot be a bit more cheerful. We judge from your letter that you are suffering from spotted liver.

"BLACKSMITH" (Leicester).—It is true that in most towns the police waste a great deal of time upon trumpery betting prosecutions; but the stupidity of some magistrates gives them a fine excuse.

"MYSTIC" (Glasgow).—Much interested in the explanation of Harold Jones' behaviour—which, as you would have us believe, was "conveyed by means of automatic writing." Evidently the spirit who wrote it was not the brainy sort.

W. J. L. (Plymouth).—If we published an article every time the Post Office made a blunder we should be as big as a family Bible and as dull as dripping.

H. C. (Stepney, E.).—Afraid we cannot undertake to reimburse you the cost of examination by a mental specialist. Better give yourself the benefit of the doubt and carry on with your business.

F. S. R. (Basingstoke).—"No one admires your Candid Communications more than I do." Except, perhaps, ourselves.

"SILVER BADGER" (Essex).—We cannot spare half a page for the gentleman who "kept a peacock." All the same to us if he kept a harem.

S. W. B. (Southall).—Your "Marching Song" to hand. It sounds all right for funerals.

V. and E. S. (New York).—Very nice of you to send us your photographs. Such good-looking boys ought to have been sisters.

A. M. C. (Plymouth).—You seem to have got women on the brain. Steady married life is a lot cheaper.

M. J. C. (Eastbourne).—You are fully entitled to criticise the Labour Exchanges. But don't break the windows.

"PHYSIC."—"Men have lived as much as ten years after the doctor has given them up." Very true, no doubt, but not necessarily cause and effect.

A. J. (Mablethorpe).—Your letter to hand with "receipt for sores and swellings," which shall be filed for reference in case we ever want any.

"WIFE" (Harleston).—We will take your word for it that it costs a lot more than a shilling a week "to keep a hungry English child." Unless, of course, they mean to keep him hungry.

G. H. (Thornton Heath).—We cannot for the life of us make out what it was the cabman in Birmingham "done every year." If nothing rude, you might explain.

"ANTI-HUN."—You have got your knife into Lloyd George, and no mistake. Yet when last we saw him he seemed quite perky.

"ONE WITH FEELINGS" (Cawdor).—It seems a little invidious to say that your regard for us is "based on a strong love for the lower animals." But we think we know what you mean.

J. M. (Canterbury).—We sympathise entirely with your feelings in regard to trade with Germany. But there are two sides to the question.

E. A. L. (Farnham).—The view we take is that Summer Time, as now arranged, secures "the greatest good of the greatest number," which has been sound politics since the days of Jeremy Bentham.

J. M. (Caldercruix).—"I am a regular reader of your paper and not for any benefit I receive out of it." Except, of course, the moral and intellectual uplift.

B. C. (Birmingham).—"You'll weather the storm, and to Hell with them all!" For that prayerful word of sympathy, many thanks.

P. O' M. (Cork).—We will certainly give your poem a "touch up" when we have a few minutes to spare. Then—it shall be pasted in our scrap album.

R. J. (Sunderland).—Shocked to hear of your treatment by the policeman. You should have treated him first.

A. K. (Coventry).—You should apply for your medals to the Guards Record Office, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1.

"FAIR PLAY" (Birmingham).—"I was struck with that Debate in the House of Commons." We quite believe you. Smart lot, aren't we?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

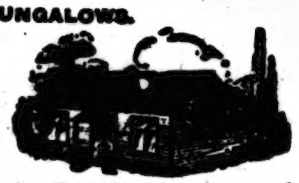
For economy's sake! use a "JOHN BULL" Pen. Coupon on page 14.

LONDON'S NEW LEADING STORE *for* BARGAINS

WOOD BUILDINGS.

SPECIFICATION.—Sides and Ends in complete Sections, constructed on strong framing, outside covered with Feather-Edged Boards, Doors and Windows Hung on strong hinges. Roof boards covered with felt. Bolts and Nuts or screws supplied for erecting.

BUNGALOWS.



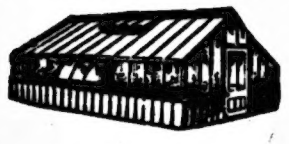
2 Rooms, From £45.
4 Rooms, From £77 10 0
5 Rooms, From £117 10 0
6 Rooms, From £275 0 0
Estimates Free for supplying and erecting Bungalows in any part of the country. Timber, Asbestos or Rough Cast Construction.

No. 11: THE GENERAL STORE HUT.

ft.	ft.	Cash Price each £	s.	d.	Floor and Joists Extra £	s.	d.
6	x 4	4	17	6	0	17	6
7	x 5	6	2	6	1	0	0
9	x 6	7	10	0	1	10	0
10	x 7	10	10	0	2	5	0
12	x 8	15	2	6	3	0	0
15	x 9	20	12	6	4	10	0
20	x 10	30	5	0	6	0	0

Dorset Poultry Houses
Comprising pen and scratching shed or covered run, providing protection in bad weather.
Prices from £4 12 6
Send for Poultry Appliance Catalogue.

Greenhouse.
Substantially constructed. Complete with door, staging, glass, ventilator, &c.
7ft. x 5ft. £7 17 6
9ft. x 6ft. £9 0 0
Send for Greenhouse Catalogue.



STATE your requirements and a catalogue will be sent by return.

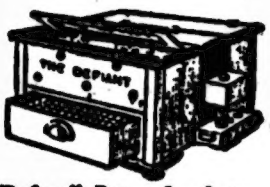
BULBS and SEEDS.

LAWN GRASS SEED.—Now is the time to renovate Lawns that have suffered from the severe drought.
"SAVOY" LAWN GRASS SEEDS, the finest mixture ever offered, 2/6 per lb., postage 9d.
CROCUSES. PLANT NOW. They make the showiest of all edgings, beds and borders. Colours: Yellow, White, Blue and Purple, 4/6 per 100; or the "SAVOY" mixture 4/- per 100, 37/6 per 1,000. Miniature Hyacinths, for Xmas flowering, 1/6 per doz., 11/- per 100. Hyacinths, exhibition varieties, 3/9 doz., 28/- per 100.
Send for Bulb and Seed Catalogue.

POULTRY.

SPECIAL OFFER OF LIVE POULTRY.—2,600 Pure and Cross-bred Pullets, White Leghorns, White Wyandottes, Brown Leghorns, Black Leghorns, Anconas, Buff Orpingtons, Plymouth Rocks, Minorcas, from 8/6. DUCKS, Fine large Aylesbury from 12/6 each. Indian Runners, 1921 hatched, from 8/6. Carriage paid on four or more. GEESE, Emden-Toulouse, 14/6 and 16/6. Carriage paid on six or more.
Send for Poultry Catalogue.

Improved Hot-Air Hygienic Heaters, For Burning Paraffin Oil without Smoke or Smell.
Prices from £1 2 6
Send for Catalogue.



"Defiant" Patent Incubators. (Numerous Prize Medals awarded.) Highest awards Incubator Competition.
Prices from £4 10 0
Send for Incubator Catalogue.

Dog Kennel. from 24/-
Send for Dog Kennel Catalogue.

Forcing Frames. Composed of 1-in. thoroughly well-seasoned boards, necessary parting pieces, runners for the lights, which are 2-in. thick, and fitted with iron handle. Complete with glass packed in box from 37/6
Send for Forcing Frame Catalogue.

DOGS—A new consignment of **PURE BRED DOGS** has arrived, including some exceptionally fine **AIREDALES.** These are **PEDIGREE ANIMALS,** and each carries the Kennel Club Certificate. *Send for Dog Catalogue*

OTHER DEPARTMENTS WITH SIMILAR BARGAINS.

SPORTS, SILVER, MUSIC, GARDEN TOOLS, DOMESTIC, BILLIARDS, SEEDS, CHINA, FURNISHING, CYCLE, GAS & ELECTRIC FITTINGS, DOMESTIC IRONMONGERY, BABY CARRIAGES & TOYS.

ZOO DEPT.

VISIT THIS DEPARTMENT, AND BRING THE CHILDREN.
EVERYTHING FROM CANARIES TO MONKEYS.

ANY of the above CATALOGUES sent post free, or the whole series sent post free for 6d. You can buy with perfect safety from our Catalogue as if you came in person.

T. BATH & CO., LTD.
(THE SAVOY STORES),
SAVOY ST., STRAND, W.C.2
Telephone: Regent 3336. Telegrams: "Obathic, Rand, London."

SPECIAL OFFER TO READERS OF "JOHN BULL."

These Shoes are GUARANTEED ALL LEATHER, Sole, Inside, Stiffs or and Lining.

They are offered direct to readers of "John Bull" from the Manufacturer at the Factory price, thus saving you the wholesalers' and retailers' profits. NO OTHER FIRM CAN OFFER SUCH AMAZING VALUE. The Shoes are sold on the double Guarantee of "John Bull" and Sellwyns. Sellwyns guarantee complete satisfaction or money returned in full without question or quibble.

The number of pairs available at these prices is limited. When the present stock is cleared it will be impossible to repeat this offer.

A PAIR **9/9** POSTAGE 9d.

Secure your bargain by writing at once stating style, number, size, and full postal address, and enclosing crossed P.O. Please write clearly.

Style No. 20. Ladies' Oxford Shoes in real Glace Kid with Patent Toecaps. Sizes 3 to 7.

SELLWYNS
(Dept. 99)
3, DUKE STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.
(Nr. Fenchurch St. Stn.)

Style No. 51. Ladies' Gibson Shoes in real Glace Kid with Patent Toecaps. Sizes 3 to 7

SALE OF LEATHER STITCHERS.

Usual Price, 5/-; Sale Price, 3/6

LIGHTNING AUTOMATIC LOCK-STITCHER for Quickly and Strongly Sewing all Leathers and Canvas, Harness, Boots, Belts, Bags, Suit Cases, &c., equally suitable for both heavy and light work. PERFECT LOCK-STITCH as a SEWING MACHINE, but Stronger. Save money. Do own Repairs. Simple to use. Needed in every home and workshop. Complete with 2 different needles and thread, for only 2/6, postage 3d. Extra waxed thread 9d skein; 3 for 2/-. Needles, 4/- doz. Illustrated Directions with Stitcher.

J. PENN & CO.,
142-144, Cottenham Rd., London, N.19.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years
Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 9d. a tin.

BEACON OILSKINS

will keep you dry always

Men's Coats from 21/-, Ladies' from 23/6, Children's from 21/- (3-year-old size), Adult's Sou'-westers, 2/6; Long Leggings, 5/6. All guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods.
Illustrated List Post Free. Send us for it to BARBOUR, LTD., 67, Beacon Buildings, South Shields, England.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose Trade announcement appears in* JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any Trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

---

24 All-Star Winners, 1/6

Out Nov. 15.

A BUMPER BUDGET *of Songs & Dances*

The 'John Bull' Song and Dance Annual is the greatest hit of the season. Sixteen star songs sung by star singers, eight up-to-date dances, and the chorus of "Whispering"—magnificent value for 1/6.

Be sure to order your copy *early*.

Songs sung by:—
Harry Lauder, George Robey, Harry Weldon, Harry Champion, Jack Pleasants, Charles Whittle, Austin Rudd, Stewart Morton, Delysia, Hetty King, Phyllis Dare, Margaret Kennerman, Daisy Dormer, Rosie Reys, Doris Ashton, Dollie and Billie.

JOHN BULL SONG & DANCE ANNUAL

64 pages—opens flat—**1/6**

Bullets' Unique Offer!!

SECOND PRIZE
£100

10 Prizes of £5

10 Prizes of £2-10-

200 Prizes of 5/-

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE
£1,000
100 TURKEY PRIZES

Specially selected for "John Bull."

These turkeys will be despatched to reach their respective prize-winners in ample time for the Christmas dinner.

THIRD PRIZE
£50

1,000 Prizes of 2/6

3,000 TARGET PRIZES

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. This example will guide you :—Example :—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet :—FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 430.

GIFT OF THE GAB	ARTFUL DODGE	SOLVING THE PUZZLE	BRITAIN MUST NOT
THE PRINCE'S TRIP	FINGER IN PIE	PAYING HER BACK	NEVER A LOSER
A JOB FOR FATHER	MAKING NOTHING	A DIFFERENT MAN	DANGEROUS TO MIX
ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS	A BIT ON	LOVING HUSBAND	BY INSTALMENTS
UP IN THE AIR	FAIR DECEIVER	WITH EYES SHUT	SAVING HER FACE
A WET NIGHT	BAND OF HOPE	GETTING US DOWN	WE CAN'T AFFORD
GOOD FOR TRADE	GRASPING HANDS	FAT AND LEAN	HONEYMOON COUPLE
PRETTY NEAR THING	HE AND SHE	BOGEY MAN	ASLEEP AND AWAKE
BIT OF HEAVEN	LAZY RACE	NOW AT WORK	EVER OPEN DOOR
BIGGEST AND BEST	WE ALL DREAD	DONE EVERY DAY	SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 24th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet

(430) P. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 24th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet

(430) P. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____
Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 430, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 24th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet

(430) P. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, November 24th.
Example_____
Bullet
Example_____
Bullet

(430) P. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____
Address_____

Result of Competition No. 428 ("Bullets" Twin offer) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 431.

GETTING THE BIRD	ALL CHILDREN LOVE
TOP AND BOTTOM	LIKE MAGIC
READY FOR CHRISTMAS	HARD TO GRASP
MODEST SALARY	AFTER ME
TELLING ON US	THE WRONG STUFF
HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE	BREAKING POINT
WIFE AND KIDS	BIT TOO THIN
SPOOFING US	HAPPY HOME
FUNNY THING THAT	NEVER HEARD HOW
NOT FORGIVEN	A MYSTERY

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, Dec. 1st.** All coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **431**, in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 431, "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition 430.

THE
MYSTIC EIGHT

"JOHN BULL'S" great new puzzle, will be on Sale on Nov. 11th,

NEXT FRIDAY

at all Newsagents and Stationers, PRICE

SEE PAGE 6. **1/-**

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS ?

THE
JOHN BULL
GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment, up to....	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

November 12, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

..... and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) .....

Home Address .....

November 12, 1921.

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

THE BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE

£1,000 MUST BE WON £1,000

ONLY TEN RESULTS

OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £1,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £1,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £1,000 **MUST BE WON.** This is the **BIGGEST ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.**

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. **Scottish and Irish readers can compete.** Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

NO GOALS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers announcing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £1,000 (one thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £1,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £1,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS.

If you think the "Home" team will win place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay, or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Nov. 17th, will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Evening Telegram."

Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: **Football Competition No. 13, "JOHN BULL," 93, Fleet Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.** Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 10 appears on page 5.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, November 17th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Chelsea	v.	Bradford City			
Newcastle U.	v.	Sunderland			
Oldham A.	v.	Huddersfield			
Tottenham H.	v.	Burnley			
Blackpool	v.	Sheffield W.			
Hull City	v.	Leeds United			
West Ham	v.	Barnsley			
Brighton & H.A	v.	Queen's P. R.			
Norwich City	v.	Brentford			
Exeter City	v.	Gillingham			

Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

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Address your envelope to "QUEERIES" No. 3, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No. 3 (J.B.) Closing Date, Tuesday, Nov. 22.

YOUR ANSWER MUST CONSIST OF NOT MORE THAN NINE WORDS.

Query .....

.....?

Answer .....

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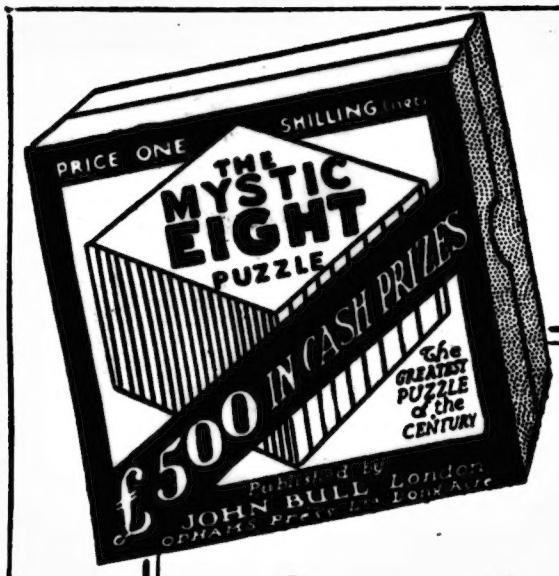

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